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5 Cents

# FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES  
OF  
BOYS

## WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE  
MONEY.

### BROKER BROWN'S BOY OR A TOUGH LAD FROM MISSOURI

(A WALL STREET STORY)

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Come along, mister, step out. You're wanted in the office," said the boy, tightening his grip on the chap's arm and collar. "Oh, I say, let me go!" protested the man. "I'll let you go when I get you inside."



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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## BROKER BROWN'S BOY

OR,

## A TOUGH LAD FROM MISSOURI

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE LAD FROM MISSOURI.

"I wonder who that tough-looking fellow is?" said Dick Oliver to Sam Swett as they passed a husky boy with a swarthy face, bound into the Stock Exchange as they passed out. "He appears to be somebody's messenger."

"That chap? He's Broker George Brown's new boy. His name is Harvey Birch, and he's from Missouri," said Sam.

"From Missouri, eh? What part of Missouri—St. Louis?"

"No, from the interior of the State."

"How did you get your information about him?"

"Our office is in the same corridor as Brown's. One of his people told our margin clerk and he told me."

"Do you know what brought him East to Wall Street?"

"His father sent him on to Brown to make a broker of him."

"That's pretty good! His father must have a pull with Brown."

"I couldn't say anything about that."

"If his old man expects to make a broker of him he must have money."

"I believe he's pretty well fixed. He owns a big farm."

"Some of these Western hayseeder make money enough to own a bank. My dad has never made enough to own a house and lot, that's why we've always lived in a flat."

The two boys separated at the corner of Broad and Wall, each going his own way.

In the meanwhile the subject of their conversation delivered a note to Mr. Brown from his cashier and then left the Exchange.

He was new to Wall Street and the East, having only been a month in the city, but during that month he had got well acquainted with his duties and with the run of things in general in the financial district.

Although he had come off a farm, nobody would have suspected it from his talk and actions.

There was nothing slow about him, for he was as keen a lad as stood on two feet.

Though new to the East, he fell in with the swim from the day he got off the train in Jersey City and crossed the river to New York.

The first thing he did was to hunt up Wall Street, inquire his way to George Brown's office and report his arrival.

That gentleman was looking for his coming and had a boarding-place picked out for him, kept by the widow of a former clerk, whose name was Whitcomb.

It took Birch less than a week to get the hang of Wall Street and the lay of the city below Forty-second street.

By the time we introduce him to the reader he was as familiar with New York as many boys born and brought up there, that is, in a general way.

With this introduction we will follow Harvey back to his office where he reported to the cashier and sat down to await further call on his services.

A minute later a red-headed messenger, named Casey, who worked for a New street broker named Allen, came gliding into the office.

"What do you want?" asked Harvey, going up to him.

Casey looked at the Missouri boy in a supercilious way.

The visitor had worked in Wall Street for four years, and he sometimes acted as if he owned it.

He had heard that Broker Brown had taken on a new boy, and had seen Harvey several times on the street and at the Exchange, and for some reason he was not disposed to be friendly toward the newcomer.

Possibly he objected to new boys breaking into the Wall Street messenger ranks, unless they took off their hats to him.

"Why don't you say 'sir,' you lobster?" replied Casey. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, but I don't think a whole lot of you from the way you act," returned Harvey. "What's your business?"

"You're cocky for a new thing," sneered Casey. "What you need is a dressing down to show you your place. Well, my name is Tim Casey, and I was raised in the Fourth Ward. I don't take sass from anybody. Get me?" and he snapped his fingers under Harvey's nose.

"Neither do I," replied the Westerner, calmly, grabbing the chunky form of the visitor by the arm, swinging him around and then seizing him by the collar of his jacket and the waistband of his trousers he ran him over to the door with perfect ease, in spite of the Fourth Warder's strenuous objection to the treatment.

Opening the door, Birch fired him bodily into the corridor and shut the door upon him.

This performance naturally attracted the attention of the half a dozen customers in the room as well as that of the cashier.

"What's the trouble, Birch?" he asked the boy.

"He tried to start trouble with me and I sat down on him," replied Harvey.

Here the door opened and Casey came in breathing fire and brimstone.

"Just you wait till I catch you outside, you fresh guy, and I'll put it all over you for keeps," he roared, fiercely.

Then he stepped up to the cashier's window and shoved in a note.

"I want an answer," he said, in a surly way.



Harvey returned to his seat without taking any further notice of him, while the cashier opened the note, read it, wrote an answer on a pad, inclosed it in an envelope, addressed and handed it to him.

During the few minutes Casey stood at the window he kept his glaring eyes fixed on Birch.

What he didn't intend to do to that lad, when he got the chance, wasn't worth mentioning.

He took the envelope, went to the door, turned as he opened it and shook his fist in a threatening way at Broker Brown's boy.

This bit of antagonistic pantomime didn't raise a hair on Harvey.

All he did was to take a good look at Casey for future use.

He picked up a Wall Street daily and began looking it over, and five minutes later the cashier sent him out again.

Harvey had made a good impression at the office because he wasted no time on his errands.

Neither did he make any mistakes, as might be expected of a new boy.

He always made sure where he was going, and who he was to see, and whether he was to get an answer or not, and then he went direct to his destination and executed his errand, after which he hurried straight back.

That is what all the brokers liked in their boys, and in justice to the messenger fraternity as a body, that is what their employers received.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and the exceptions, as a general thing, do not last in Wall Street.

The business transacted in the financial district is too important to be slighted, anyway, and when an office boy is observed to be getting careless he is warned, and if that fails to produce results he is fired.

Harvey was back again in a short time with an answer which he handed to the cashier.

He was sent out again almost immediately, and so he was kept on the jump up to nearly three o'clock, when the cashier handed him the bank-book, bicated out with bills and checks, and told him to take it to the bank and make the day's deposit.

Harvey reached the bank and found a line stringing away from the receiving teller's window.

He fell in behind a fat man with a sour face.

The porter was shutting one side of the door, as it wanted about a minute of closing time, when Tim Casey dashed in and bumped against him.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" said the porter.

"Aw, forget it!" returned the red-headed boy.

He went to the end of the line and found Birch there, whom he recognized.

He got behind him and gave him a rough push against the fat man.

The fat man jerked one of his elbows back angrily and dug it into Harvey's side.

The boy took no notice of that, but turning around asked Casey, whom he identified, what he pushed him for.

"Who pushed you?" retorted Casey, aggressively.

"You did," said the boy from Missouri.

"You're dreaming. Why don't you move up?" and he gave Harvey another shove.

"I guess you're looking for trouble," said the Western lad.

"Aw, turn around or I'll push your face in!" said Casey, belligerently.

Harvey did not want to make any disturbance in the bank, for he knew if he got into a scrap it would mean trouble for both him and Casey.

Accordingly, he turned around without a word.

Casey took this as an indication that Broker Brown's new boy was taking water.

He crowded up against Harvey and made his position as uncomfortable as possible, digging his skinny knuckles into the young Missourian's back.

Harvey took no notice outwardly, but he thought a few things inwardly.

Finally the fat man reached the window and shoved in his book.

Casey slyly gave him a kick on the leg.

The fat man boiled over and raising his fist shot it at Harvey.

The Westerner saw the blow coming and ducked.

The fat man's fist landed on Casey's jaw and sent him reeling backward.

Seeing the damage he had done the stout man grabbed Birch and began to abuse and shake him.

At that moment the porter came up.

"What's the matter here?" he said. "That boy didn't kick you. It was the red-headed chap. I saw him do it around this boy's leg."

Casey came rushing up and was going to smash the fat man in the face when the porter seized his arm and arrested the blow.

"None of that now," said the porter, "or I'll turn you over to an officer."

"What's the matter with you?" snarled Casey. "The geezer slugged me in the jaw. Do you think I'm going to stand that?"

"You'll have to stand it. You got what you deserved. You kicked the man."

"Who kicked him? Me? You're off your trolley."

Here the fat man got his book and started for the closed door.

The porter followed to let him out.

Harvey put in his book and Casey shoved his in, too.

The teller brushed it back and took Harvey's.

It took several minutes for the teller to foot up the deposit slip and make the entry in the book, then he took Casey's book while Harvey started for the door.

The porter had walked down the corridor, straightening up the wall desks.

By the time he came to the door Casey was ready to go out, too.

The boys made their exit together.

"Say, take that back to the office with you," said Casey, slapping Harvey in the mouth.

The next moment Casey was rolling over in the gutter from a blow straight from the shoulder delivered by Birch, who stood, with flashing eyes, ready to repeat it.

## CHAPTER II.

### TROUBLE IN BROWN'S OFFICE.

Tim Casey did not get up with his customary promptness.

He was dazed by the force of the blow, which gave him the momentary impression that the bank building had fallen in on him.

Several boys in the vicinity saw Harvey knock Casey down and, with a whoop at the prospect of a fight, they came rushing to the spot.

Casey was known to two or three of them, and as a scrapper of no mean ability, but the Westerner was a stranger to all.

"Get up, Tim, and soak him!" said one of the bunch.

Tim got up slowly and somewhat painfully.

He felt of his injured jaw and looked at Harvey, wondering if there really could be any connection between the two.

"What hit me, Mike?" he asked his friend.

"What hit you? That guy's fist hit you. Are you going to stand for such a knockdown? Who is the gazabo?"

"Do you mean to say that geezer hit me?" said Casey, incredulously.

"That's what he did. It was a clean smash, too. Go for him now and knock the tar out of him."

Casey looked around on the grinning faces of the boys.

He saw he must do something to even matters up.

With a howl of rage he made a sudden dart at Birch and swung both his fists with his head down.

Harvey sidestepped the blows and gave Tim a sharp uppercut that rattled every tooth in his head.

"Cheese it! Here comes a cop!" cried the boys, scattering like chaff under a blast of wind.

Casey caught a glimpse of the policeman's uniform coming across the street and he took to his heels, like a frightened hare, for he and the cops did not pull well.

"What's the trouble here?" asked the officer, coming up to where the Missouri lad stood.

"The chap who's running down the street began the trouble. We were in the bank together. He's taken a grouch against me for some reason and he got gay with me in the depositors' line. When we came out he slapped my face. I soaked him in the face and knocked him down. When he got up he came at me like a mad bull, and I handed him another crack in the jaw. That's all there was to it."

"What's your name, and who do you work for?"

Harvey told him, and added that he came from Missouri and had only been a month in the city.

The officer had started to put his name down for future reference, but decided from the fact that the other boy had run away he was the most to blame, and so he put his book



up, telling Harvey to be careful in the future about scrapping in the public street, for it was a misdemeanor, and he was liable to arrest.

Then he walked off, and so did Birch.

When he got back to the office the cashier told him that Mr. Brown wanted to see him, so he went into the private room.

"Here's a letter I wish you to take up to Watson & Co., ship chandlers, on South street, this side of the Brooklyn Bridge. Do you think you can find the place?"

"South street runs along the East River, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then I can't miss the place, for the street has only one side to it, and I know where the Brooklyn Bridge is."

"Sit down a moment, I have another errand for you to execute in the same direction."

Harvey sat down and Broker Brown pushed a button, which brought in Miss Terry, the stenographer.

Brown dictated a note and the girl went back to her den to typewrite it.

As she passed outside, a man, fairly well dressed, came in, unannounced.

"I want to see you, Mr. Brown," he said, aggressively.

"Well?" said the broker, eyeing him unfavorably.

"There's the statement I got from your cashier, closing out my account," said the man, slamming it down on the desk.

Brown glanced at it.

"What's the matter with it? Isn't it right?"

"No, it isn't right. I bought 100 shares of Southern Railway at 116. I found out that it went to 126 at two o'clock. This statement says it only went to 121. You have skinned me out of half my profits. I'm not going to stand for that kind of thing. I want what is coming to me—the other \$500."

"You appear to forget that you met me on Broad street at half-past eleven and told me to sell your stock at the market. I made a memorandum of your order on a pad and you signed it. If your memory fails you my cashier will show you the order. At the time you instructed me to sell Southern Railway was going at 121. I sold it for you at that price. If you had waited till two o'clock you would have doubled your profit. It isn't my fault if you sold out too soon. Had I had my good reason for believing that Southern Railway would go five points, or three points higher, I might have advised you to hold off. The rise was, I think, generally unexpected. In any event you have no cause to find fault with me. I carried out your orders, and, as a broker, that is all that can be expected of me."

"I don't believe you sold my stock at 121. I believe you told your cashier to record it as sold, and you have pocketed the other \$500 yourself."

Such a statement as that was practically an insult, and Broker Brown requested his visitor to leave his office.

"I'll leave when you pay me the other \$500, and I'll never come near you again. 'I've often heard you brokers were skins, but I never was sure of it till now!' cried the man, angrily.

"Harvey," said Brown, "show this gentleman out."

"What's that? Show me out before you settle with me? I won't go!" cried the visitor.

"Hand him his statement," said Brown, passing the paper to his messenger.

"Here's your statement, sir. Mr. Brown requests you to leave the room, so I think you had better do it," said Harvey.

"Don't talk to me, you young whippersnapper! Keep your oar out of my business!"

"If you refuse to go peaceably, Mr. Gregory, I'll have to call in a clerk to help my boy put you out. You have been guilty of a highly insulting remark—a reflection on my business honor—which any broker would resent as impertinent and uncalled for on your part. After that I shall hereafter refuse to do any business with you."

"You refuse to pay me that \$500 you have defrauded me of?"

"Whatever that statement calls for is all you are entitled to, and all you will get. Now leave at once."

"Not before I take satisfaction out of you," said the man. "You have cheated me and I shall blow the roof off your head, no matter what the consequences are to me."

With those words he whisked out a revolver and pointed it at the broker.

Whether he meant to carry out his threat or only attempt a bluff was never known.

Harvey saw the glint of the weapon, grabbed him around the neck and swung him away from his employer's desk.

Then he tripped him up and grabbed the hand that held the weapon.

It was at that moment the stenographer entered the room with the note for Mr. Brown to sign.

She uttered an ejaculation of alarm.

"Miss Terry, send in two of the clerks, please," said Mr. Brown.

Before she could turn around the revolver went off in the visitor's fingers, and the bullet shattered the glass and perforated a handsome water-color picture on the wall.

The girl uttered a scream of alarm.

Her scream and the report of the weapon brought the whole office force running in to see what had happened.

The occupants of the corridor were also startled, and some of them came into the office in a hurry.

Harvey had the man pretty well in hand, but he could not do more than to prevent him from getting up.

Broker Brown ordered his cashier to help Harvey secure the objectionable visitor.

One of the clerks got a towel and tied his hands behind his back, after which he was seated on the sofa.

"Shall I telephone for a policeman?" asked the cashier.

"One moment," said the broker. "Now look here, Mr. Gregory, you have made yourself amenable to the law. You have drawn a gun on me, and that's a State's prison offence. But I have no wish to disgrace you any more than you have disgraced yourself. If you will promise to behave yourself, and go away, as you should have done when I asked you to, I'll let up on you and will make no charge against you."

The visitor promised, for he realized that he had put himself in a bad hole, so he was released, and left the office quite docilely.

"You're a plucky boy, Harvey," said Brown, when it was all over and the clerks had returned to their duties. "You may have saved my life, for there is no saying what that man might have done when blinded by his unreasoning anger. Half of the crimes in the world are committed on the spur of the moment, but that does not excuse their commission. I feel indebted to you and depend on it I won't forget it."

Mr. Brown then handed Harvey the note and told him to leave it at the address written on it, which the boy promised to do, and started on his double errand.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WATCH THAT WENT FASTER THAN THE OWNER LIKED.

Harvey's first errand took him to Hanover street, near Wall, and having left the note with the gentleman to whom it was addressed he started for South street.

Reaching that thoroughfare he passed along the west side of it—the side lined with buildings.

After walking several blocks he came to the store of Watson & Co., ship chandlers, and walked in.

He asked for Mr. Watson and was told to go back to the counting-room.

He delivered his note to the head of the firm, and as there was no answer he left and kept on up the street, passing under the bridge.

He was off for the day and was at liberty to go home.

As he was not familiar with this part of the city, and dinner at the boarding-house was yet two hours off, he thought he might as well pick up a little information.

It was a pleasant afternoon and he enjoyed the stroll, notwithstanding he had been on his legs almost continually since nine that morning.

At length he came to a small park by the river side and he sat down to rest.

Seated on the bench opposite to him was an old gentleman who looked like a well-to-do farmer.

He appeared to be greatly interested in the various craft sailing up and down the river.

Harvey took the afternoon paper out of his pocket and began reading it.

In a short time a smooth-faced, slippery-looking individual sat down on the same bench with the farmer.

By degrees he edged up to the old gentleman.

Harvey happened to look over and noticed the newcomer, whose face he didn't fancy.

He thought his actions were suspicious and he watched him while pretending to read the paper.

The smooth-faced fellow got into conversation with the



old man and pointed out to him various localities across the river.

Finally he pointed at something up the river, and when the farmer turned to look Harvey saw him steal the old man's watch and chain in a slick way and slip it into his pocket.

Then he got up and said he must go.

"Hold on there, Mister Man," said the Missouri lad, jumping up and stepping over to him.

"What do you want?" the rascal demanded, aggressively.

"I want you to return that watch and chain you took from this old gentleman."

The farmer clapped his hands to his vest and found his chain missing, and he found his watch gone also.

He uttered an ejaculation and looked at the thief.

"Return this party's watch and chain at once or I'll have you arrested," said Harvey.

"You have a nerve to accuse me," said the man, edging away.

"Produce!" said the boy.

"I haven't got his watch, or chain, either," said the fellow, favoring the Missouri boy with a black look.

"Yes, you have. I saw you pinch them."

"You're a liar!" said the thief.

"Grab him, mister," Harvey said to the old gentleman, "and we'll search him!"

"You won't search me!" snarled the thief, who suddenly struck the boy a blow in the face and took to his heels.

Harvey Birch was after him like a shot, shouting, "Stop thief!"

Although there were a dozen men in the vicinity they made no effort to head the fellow off and so the chase continued, with the old gentleman falling hopelessly in the rear.

The crook tried every possible way to shake his young and active pursuer off, but in vain.

As they passed up a nearby street, Harvey called out to the passersby to grab the rascal, but no one took enough interest in the chase to do so.

The man suddenly darted into a cheap and dirty entrance of a tenement and ran upstairs.

Harvey took note of the doorway and followed him in.

He started up the stairway as the fellow reached the top of the flight.

The crook kept on up and Harvey, taking two steps at a bound, began to gain on him.

On the third floor the rascal ran down the hall, and Harvey heard a door slam.

When he got on the landing the man had vanished.

Harvey was unable to tell into which of the several rooms he had gone.

He stopped and wondered what he should do.

Several families evidently lived on that floor, and the boy did not like to intrude on the wrong one.

Doubtless the man had locked the door through which he had passed to block his pursuer.

Harvey thought of returning to the street and looking for a policeman.

That, however, would leave the coast clear for the thief to make his escape by way of the roof.

He thought the best thing he could do was to hide and wait for the man to come out.

The question was where could he hide?

There wasn't any place in the corridor or hall where he could conceal himself.

While he stood considering the problem a nearby door opened and a man came out of a room.

He walked toward the stairs, but when he got close to Harvey he stopped and looked at him.

"What are you doing here?" he said, roughly.

"I'm waiting for a party," replied the Wall Street boy.

"Who are you waitin' for?"

"What do you want to know for?"

The fellow grabbed the young Missourian and whistled.

Out of the same door rushed the thief and he made a spring at Birch.

If the two men expected to lay the boy out easily they were mistaken.

Harvey proved the tough customer he was from the start.

He broke the first man's grip with a jerk and hit him under the ear with the force of a small pile-driver, sending him back against the wall.

Then the thief got it square in the nose and the blow stopped him.

Harvey followed up his advantage by handing him a left-hander on the jaw, and the crook uttered a howl of pain.

His companion recovered and returned to the scrap, but he found the boy all ready for him.

They went at it hammer and tongs, for the man was something of a fighter in his way, though not very skilled.

The thief held off until his companion roared to him to sail in and help him.

Then he joined in and Harvey had his hands full with both of them.

They landed several heavy blows on him, but they produced little effect, while every time he got in a crack it made the recipient wince.

The racket naturally attracted the attention of the persons in the rooms and several of the women tenants came to their doors and looked on.

Fighting was not an unusual incident in the tenement.

It was a red-letter day in the calendar of the house when nothing happened to attract attention.

Many 'longshoremen lived in the building, and when they came home drunk and out of humor, their favorite recreation was to wallop their wives or children.

This, however, was a different kind of a scrimmage, for a young, well-dressed stranger was involved.

The women took him for an instalment collector and part of them sympathized with his predicament.

None of them ventured to butt in, though, for they knew better than to do it.

Finally a big Irishman came upstairs and took in the situation.

He saw that two men were trying to do up a boy and his sense of fairness objected to that.

"Hold on there, give the b'y a chance!" he said. "Why, one of you is enough for him."

With that he seized the thief just as he found a good opening to land a swinging blow that would have laid the boy out.

"Let go, blame you!" cried the crook, struggling to free himself.

"Hold on to him. He's a thief!" said Harvey, backing away from the other man so as to prevent the thief from getting away.

"A thief is it? What has he stolen?" asked the Irishman.

"A watch and chain from an old gentleman. Hold him till I search his pockets."

The thief struggled and the other man started to help him.

"Stand back now," said the Irishman, "or you'll have to deal with me."

Harvey ran his hand into the pocket in which he had seen the fellow drop the plunder, but it wasn't there now.

It proved to be in the other pocket, to which he had transferred it after showing it to his pal, and the boy got possession of it.

The crook protested that the watch belonged to him, but the Irishman didn't believe him.

"If the watch was yours you wouldn't carry it in your pocket that way. And this boy wouldn't accuse you of stealing it. Hand me the watch and I'll hold it till the matter is settled right. We'll all go downstairs and hunt up a policeman and put the case up to him," said the Irishman.

"That suits me," said Harvey.

It didn't suit the thief, and he objected.

"If the watch is yours what are you kicking about? I'm giving you a fair deal," said the Irishman.

"I don't want to go to all that trouble," said the crook.

"He's afraid to let a policeman arbitrate the matter for fear he'll get pulled in on suspicion. If he won't agree you and I will go to the station-house and leave the watch with the police," said Harvey.

"Come on, then. These chaps can follow us."

They started downstairs, but the two men made no effort to go with them.

They gave up the fight to recover the stolen watch, and so Harvey and the Irishman found their way to the precinct station-house without them.

There the boy told his story and the Irishman handed the watch to the desk sergeant.

"Who was the man that you saw robbed?" asked the officer.

Harvey started to describe him when in came a policeman with the old gentleman himself.

"Here's the man now," said the boy.

The old man stated that he was a farmer from Sullivan County on a short visit to New York, and that his name was Amos Hadley.

His story of the loss of his watch practically corroborated Harvey's statement.

When asked to describe his property he did so easily, and it was handed to him, the desk man telling him that he



probably never would have seen it again but for the boy following the thief up and recovering the stolen articles.

"I'm obliged to you, young man," he said, gratefully. "I suppose I ought to pay you something for the trouble you've been put to."

"I don't want any pay, sir. You're welcome to my services in the matter," replied Harvey.

"That's kind of you, but I don't want you to feel as if I hadn't done the right thing," said the farmer. "Maybe you'll go around to my hotel and have dinner with me. I should be real glad to have your company."

"It's a bit early for dinner yet, isn't it?" said the Wall Street boy.

"By the time we get to the hotel, have a chat and a wash, I guess it won't be too early, sonny."

Seeing that the old gentleman from up-State was really anxious to have him dine with him, Harvey accepted the invitation, and they left the station-house together and started for the Astor House, on Broadway, near the post-office, where the countryman said he was stopping.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE FARMER FROM UP-STATE.

"I should be glad to know your name, young man," said Farmer Hadley.

"Harvey Birch. I work for a stock broker in Wall Street."

"Do you, now? Well, well, I'm real glad to meet some one from Wall Street. I went down there this morning to see the bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange, but the chap who runs the elevator wouldn't take me up to the gallery. He told me I had to get a ticket of admission from a broker. As I don't know any broker I couldn't get a ticket."

"You come to our office to-morrow, here's our card, and I'll get you a ticket."

"Will you, now? That's real kind of you. I'll do as much for you if I ever get the chance."

"If you don't see me in the reception-room it's a sign I'm out, so sit down and wait till I come in."

"All right. Whereabouts in the city do you live?"

"I board up on Thirty-eighth street."

"Then your folks don't keep house?"

"Yes, they do, but not here in the East. My father owns a big farm in Blank County, State of Missouri. I've only been in New York about a month."

"Well, well, so your father is a farmer, like myself. I'm real glad to know it. I feel better acquainted with you already. I hope you'll come up and see me some time. My wife takes summer boarders. If you'll come up it shan't cost you a cent."

"Thank you for the invitation, Mr. Hadley. I might find a chance to accept it."

"I hope you will. So you've only been a month in New York, eh? Must feel kind of new to you."

"I'm pretty familiar with the town already."

"Are you, now? I guess you're a pretty smart young fellow. I've heard that you've got to be real smart to work in Wall Street. What do you do?"

Harvey gave the old man a general outline of his duties.

"You have short hours, don't you?"

"From nine till half-past three or four."

"You worked longer than that when you lived on your dad's farm, I'll bet."

"Yes. The work hours on a farm are long."

"Kind of pleasant change for you, I should judge."

"I'll admit there is a whole lot of difference."

"I've heard that city boarding-houses weren't nothing to brag of."

"I've no fault to find with mine."

"I reckon all boarding-houses ain't alike. I stopped at one once, and I was most starved that week. Didn't get half enough to eat. Had to go to a restaurant two or three times to fill up the vacancy. That's why I'm at the Astor House this trip. You can get as much to eat there as you want. The different things are all printed on a bill-of-fare. You just pick out what suits you and the waiter brings it to you, just like a restaurant, and you can pay as you go, or have it charged up to you on your bill if you're stopping at the house. Then there's a reading and writing room, and you can buy a paper or a magazine without going outside. If you want to send a message to anybody in a hurry the clerk behind the counter rings something that brings a boy in uniform

who'll take your letter for you in no time. You can't get no such accommodations at a boarding-house. It costs more, I'll admit, but it's worth every cent you pay," said the farmer.

By this time they came into Park Row above the Brooklyn Bridge.

They walked down to the bridge, crossed over to City Hall Park, and kept on to Broadway.

A short walk then brought them to the Astor House, which stood diagonally across from the front of the post-office.

Harvey dined with Farmer Hadley, and during the meal entertained him with what he had learned about Wall Street.

"Do you smoke?" asked the old man when they came into the rotunda.

"No, sir. That's a luxury I haven't acquired yet," replied the boy.

"Time enough for you to learn," said the farmer, buying three cigars at the stand for a quarter.

Harvey then invited Hadley to go to an uptown theater with him that evening.

"We'll go, son, but it will be at my expense. This is my treat," said Hadley.

They rode uptown on a Broadway car, attended one of the big theaters, and after they came out Harvey put the farmer on a downtown Broadway car, which would take him straight to the Astor House.

On the following morning Harvey told Mr. Brown about his experience with the crook and how he recovered the farmer's watch and chain from the rascal.

"You don't look much the worse for your scrap with two men," said the broker. "You're a pretty tough lad to hold your own so well."

"You get to be tough on a farm, particularly a big one like ours in Missouri," said Harvey. "By the way, I wish you'd give me a ticket of admission for the Stock Exchange gallery. I promised it to the farmer. He wants to see the bulls and bears in action. I told him to drop in here any time after ten and I'd have it for him."

Mr. Brown signed a card and handed it to his messenger, who then returned to his post outside.

Shortly afterward Farmer Hadley made his appearance and Harvey gave him the card.

"Hand that to the elevator boy and he'll take you up," said Birch.

Hadley thanked him and started for the Exchange.

Harvey often passed Sam Swett in the corridor and on the street, but neither had spoken to the other.

This day, however, they became acquainted.

Harvey carried a note in to Sam's boss, William Haley, about noon.

Sam told him that Mr. Haley was engaged and he'd have to wait a few minutes.

"All right," said Harvey.

"You haven't been long with Brown?" said Sam.

"Only a month."

"I heard you came from Missouri?"

"I did. Who told you?"

Sam explained how he acquired the information.

"Your father owns a big farm where you came from, I heard."

"That's right."

"Well, Birch, seeing as we're close together here we ought to be friends."

"I have no objection to that. What's your name?"

"Sam Swett. I live up in Harlem. Where are you hanging out?"

Harvey told him.

"How do you like it at the boarding-house?"

"First-rate."

"Many boarders there?"

"Quite a number."

"How do you like New York as far as you've got?"

"I rather like it. Seems to be plenty of life here."

"I should say. New York is the liveliest place I know of. Move out of it and you feel as if you were dead. I suppose you find running errands in Wall Street a good bit different to working on a farm."

"I do. I'm glad I came here."

"Hope to go back rich?"

"Hardly. It takes all my wages to pay my expenses. Dad, however, allows me \$5 for spending-money."

"He does? You're lucky. Want to know how to make some extra money?"

"Yes. Can you show me how to do it?"

"Save up till you get \$50, then go around to the little bank on Nassau street and buy some good stock on margin. You



can carry five shares for that. You want to pick out a stock that's going up. Go long on it. Watch it closely and when it looks as if it was going to drop sell out and collect your profit. I've made \$200 that way, and expect to make \$1,000 in the course of time."

Harvey was impressed by Sam's suggestion.

"I should like to try it after I get the hang of how the market runs," he said. "I wouldn't have to save up \$50. I could strike my dad for it and he'd send it to me."

"Your father must be liberal-minded. Most farmers look at a dollar several times before they let go of it."

"Well, my dad makes plenty of money off the farm and he isn't mean about spending it. Last winter he bought my sister a new piano, and he bought mother a set of furs that made folks stare. He's going to buy a high-power touring car this spring, and I wouldn't be surprised if he and mother came on in it here to see me."

"Gee! Your father is quite a sport, isn't he?" grinned Sam.

"He's all to the good."

"Expect to become a broker some day?"

"I might if it didn't take too much capital."

"Fifty thousand might give you a start, but if you did much business you'd need a lot more. Brokers have to pay outright for the stocks they purchase for their customers. Suppose a customer ordered 1,000 shares of A. & C. on margin, and the price of the stock was 90. He'd have to put up \$10,000 deposit and you'd have to advance the rest, or \$80,000. Of course, you could borrow sixty per cent. or so of the value of the stock at your bank, but it would take about \$25,000 of your own money to swing the deal, anyway. And that would be only one customer out of a bunch you did business for. Of course, everybody doesn't buy stock on margin. Conservative people usually steer clear of marginal deals and buy only what they can pay outright for."

"You seem to know a lot about Wall Street. How long have you been working down here?"

"About two years or more."

"Expect to be a broker yourself?"

"Hardly. There's no money in our family, and you can't be a broker without capital."

"Get a partner with money. You could furnish the experience."

At that moment Sam's visitor departed and Harvey was shown into his room.

In a couple of minutes he came out with an answer in his hand.

He nodded to Sam and passed out.

After that the boys became good friends.

## CHAPTER V.

### HARVEY'S FIRST DEAL.

Sam's suggestion about speculating through the little bank on Nassau street was not lost on Harvey.

He was more than willing to make some extra money if it could be done, but he felt that he hardly knew enough about the stock market to dabble in stocks.

However, he thought it would not be amiss to secure the money necessary to make a beginning when the time came, so when next he wrote to his father he asked him to send him \$100 for a special purpose.

Birch, Sr., sent it without asking any questions, in the shape of two money-orders, which the boy duly collected.

In the meanwhile he cultivated Sam's society and asked for more information about speculating.

Sam told him a lot, described the various deals he had engaged in, and mentioned a number of messengers who had made a bunch of money through marginal speculation.

Sam introduced him to one of those lads, and the lucky lad said it was as easy to make money in Wall Street as to roll off a log, that is, if you know how to do it.

As Harvey had to admit that he hadn't been in Wall Street long enough to know how to do it, he concluded he would study the matter up.

So after that he began watching the stock report every day, and taking notice of the rise and fall of the various stocks.

At Sam's suggestion he made a practice of reading over, at every chance, one of the daily Wall Street dailies, as well as an important financial weekly.

In this way Harvey acquired a lot more information about the district than he could have picked up in any other way.

One day Harvey heard that D. & O. was going up like a house afire.

It struck him that here was a chance to put Sam's suggestion into practice.

He thought first of consulting Sam about it, and even slipped into Haley's office to see him on the subject, but Sam happened to be out on an errand so he returned to his post.

In a few minutes the cashier sent him up to a stationer's on Nassau street.

This errand took him past the little bank.

Quite a number of men and boys were going in, and some coming out.

Harvey was curious to catch a sight of the interior, so on his way back he ventured to enter, and found himself in a big, oblong room, crowded with persons of all ages and appearance.

All were interested in the quotations that were being put up on the blackboard at the end of the room.

Many were standing in line at the margin clerk's window.

That individual was very busy that morning taking orders, chiefly for D. & O.

Harvey understood the meaning of the quotations on the blackboard, for he had grown familiar with it through the great blackboard in the Stock Exchange.

He followed the figures of D. & O. and each time it went an eighth of a point higher.

"I might as well be a sport and get in, no matter what the result will be," he told himself.

He had \$150 in an inside pocket and so he took his place in the line and when he reached the window he told the clerk he wanted to buy fifteen shares of D. & O. on margin.

"That will cost you \$150 deposit," said the clerk.

"Here's the money," said Birch, pushing the bills toward him.

The clerk counted the money, made out a little printed memorandum in duplicate and told Harvey to sign them.

The boy did so and one of them was handed to him.

All this procedure had been previously explained to him by Sam, so he put the piece of paper in his pocket, left the window and started back for the office.

He knew that when he wanted to sell out he must present the memorandum at the same window and sign another one that would be handed to him for that purpose.

He had been away some time on his errand, but the cashier made no remark, supposing he had been detained at the stationer's.

When Harvey returned to his seat he took out his memorandum and read it over with some interest, for it represented his first venture on the market.

By it he saw that he had purchased fifteen shares of D. & O. at 86.

"If the price goes to 90, and I sell out, I'll make \$4 a share, less commission of the little bank," he thought. "As it appears to be going right up, and I heard a man say it might go to par, which is 100, why, I may make more than \$4 a share."

At first he was going to tell Sam, when he saw him, about his first deal, but on second thought concluded not to.

"I might make a bull of this thing before I get out of it, and he might give me the laugh," he said to himself. "I guess I'll keep it to myself, then if I lose nobody will know but myself. If I win I'll tell him."

That day a lady, plainly attired, with a vinegary look, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Brown.

"What name, ma'am?" asked Harvey, politely.

"Mrs. Terhune."

"Take a seat, ma'am. Mr. Brown is busy at present. As soon as he is disengaged I'll take your name in."

She sat down in the seat near Harvey's and waited.

Presently she said?

"Do you think he'll soon be at liberty? I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, ma'am, I don't think you'll have long to wait."

"You seem to be a nice boy," she remarked, after a pause.

"Thank you for the compliment, ma'am."

"You're a new boy here, I guess?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've only been here six weeks."

"What became of the other boy who did what you are doing?"

"He was promoted to the counting-room."

"I didn't like him. He was saucy and independent. Sometimes he kept me from seeing Mr. Brown."

"Is that so, ma'am?"

"It is. And he used to make fun of me, too. I am pretty sharp and see more things than some people suppose. Now, you're polite and nice as a young gentleman ought to be. I can see your parents brought you up right."

"Parents usually try to do that, don't they, ma'am?"



"I'm afraid not. Things are different to what they were when I was young. How old do you think I am?"

Mrs. Terhune was easily fifty-five, but she tried her best to dress and fix her face up so she would look much younger.

Her efforts were not as successful as she imagined, and hardly anybody was ever deceived.

Harvey looked at her and sized up her age, but he recollected that his mother often said that women did not wish to be told their true age, and always wished to be thought younger.

He thought it rather odd that the visitor should put the question to him, but as she had and had herself complimented him, he felt that he must flatter her a little.

"Well, ma'am, I couldn't say how old you are, but I should think you were about forty-two or three," he said, with apparent frankness.

"Oh, dear, I'm older than that," she said, with a gracious smile, for she was greatly pleased at the estimate Harvey had put on her years.

"Not much older, ma'am. You have a nice fresh complexion, and I don't see many wrinkles in your face. You can't be over forty-five."

"I'm afraid you are trying to flatter me," she said, with a simper.

"Not at all, ma'am."

"You are certainly a very polite boy. Is Mr. Brown still engaged?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is very annoying to have to wait," she said, with a frown.

At that moment the door of the private room opened and Broker Brown's visitor came out.

"I'll take your name in now, ma'am," said Harvey.

So he went in and told his boss that a lady named Terhune wanted to see him.

"Terhune!" ejaculated Brown. "I don't want to see her. Sidetrack her. She is a nuisance."

"I don't see how I can shake her, for she knows you are in."

"Tell her I can't see her to-day."

"Yes, sir."

Harvey delivered the message to the visitor.

"Can't see me!" she cried, angrily. "He must see me. I have business with him. I have lost \$2,000 in this office and am entitled to some consideration. Go back and tell him I won't leave the office till I do see him."

Harvey carried her ultimatum to Brown.

"Well, show her in, and in five minutes come in and say I'm wanted in the counting-room," said the broker.

So Harvey showed the lady in.

As the door closed after her Sam came in with a note for Brown.

"He's engaged for five minutes with a lady named Terhune," said Harvey.

"What! that old cat?" said Sam, with a grin.

"Do you know her?"

"Bet your life I know her, and she knows me. She thinks I'm crazy."

"Crazy! What do you mean?"

"Oh, the last time she was here, about a month before you came, when Harker was messenger, she turned up one day with blood in her eye over a deal she had lost money on, and Mr. Brown wouldn't see her. Harker tried to get her out, but she wouldn't go. Then he came over to our office and conferred with me. It was arranged that I should come in with a note and then be taken with a fit and scare her."

"How did the scheme work?"

"First-rate. She nearly threw a fit herself. Harker shouted, 'Look out for the crazy boy!' and that settled her. She made for the door and didn't stop till she got to the elevator."

"Did Mr. Brown make a kick about the disturbance?"

"He came to the door to see what was the matter, but it was all over then, for Mrs. Terhune was just going through the door at a two-forty gait," laughed Sam.

"What's the matter with the lady? Why doesn't Mr. Brown care to see her?"

"Oh, half the brokers in the Street know her by sight, and a dozen of them have got rid of her as a customer because she has proved herself a nuisance in one way or another. She is particularly obnoxious when the market goes against her. She seems to think she ought to win all the time."

"She told me she lost \$2,000 in this office."

"I don't know anything about that. How came Brown to see her?"

"He had to because I couldn't get rid of her."

"Why didn't you go into the counting-room and get a pointer or two from Harker? He knows how to handle her."

"I've got to go in now and tell Mr. Brown he is wanted in the counting-room—the five minutes are more than up."

"Better send me in with my note, I'll start her," said Sam.

"Would you throw another fit?"

"No, I wouldn't dare do that in Brown's room. I'll make a face or two at her, this way," and Sam showed what he meant. "She'll recognize me as the crazy boy and will remember what happened before. She ought to be afraid of me."

"I'll tell Mr. Brown you are waiting to deliver a note. He'll tell me to show you in, and then while he's reading your note you can try your acting on the lady. It's too bad she can't see, herself, that she's not wanted and go quietly."

Harvey went in and announced Sam.

"Send him in," said Brown.

Harvey did so, leaving the door ajar.

He expected to see Mrs. Terhune take an expeditious leave. Instead of which he heard a howl from Sam, followed by a loud smack.

He opened the door and looked in.

The lady was standing up and had Sam by the left ear and was slapping his face good and hard.

Of course, Mr. Brown immediately interfered and the lady let the sheepish-looking Sam go.

He realized that Mrs. Terhune was too smart to be imposed upon twice by the same boy.

Brown took advantage of the lady's action to request her to leave, as he had no further time to waste on her, and he could not have her as a customer any longer.

"Very well, very well," she said. "I won't trouble you any more," and she walked out with her nose in the air.

Every day D. & O. went up higher and Harvey watched the rise with intense interest.

Finally it reached par.

Something advised him to sell out then and he did so, his stock going at 100 3-8.

He was told to call any time after three o'clock next day for his statement, which would show him how he stood.

He knew about how he stood, anyway, and when he saw his statement it showed that he had cleared \$210 on the deal.

And so he shook hands with himself on the success of his first deal in the stock market.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BAG OF GOLD.

After he collected his money he told Sam about his first deal, and that young chap congratulated him on his success.

"You got out just in time, Birch," he said. "You sold at the top of the market. How came you to just hit it?"

"Luck," replied Harvey. "I heard a broker say it would probably go to par. That was the day I bought the shares, so I held on for par."

"You were lucky, but you don't want to bank on what you hear a broker say. They haven't a sure line on what's going to happen. That was just his opinion."

"It turned out to be correct."

"Just by accident it did. I wouldn't have taken the chance on D. & O. you did. I might have held out for 95, but not a point higher. The chap who looks for the last dollar usually gets dumped. You want to keep on studying up things in the Wall Street papers, and watch to see how they turn out. I wouldn't make another deal if I were you till I learned more about the game. It doesn't pay to go it blind. You're sure to get it where the chicken got the axe."

Harvey thought Sam's advice good and resolved to follow it.

His resolution failed him a few days later when the papers said that A. & G. was likely to advance several points inside of the next ten days.

It's a risky thing to go into a deal on the strength of what a newspaper prints.

The report might turn out right, and again it might have been printed at the instance of a clique of operators who wished to interest the public in some stock they desired to unload at a good figure.

Harvey wasn't up to snuff and he bought thirty shares at 62, on margin.

Some people are born lucky—nearly everything they do proves a success.

Harvey figured that the paper meant five or six points when it said several.

If the price went up five points he intended to sell.

It did go up five points, but the boy from Missouri was



kept so busy running errands that he had no chance to go to the little bank and order his stock sold.

This fact proved lucky for him, for a few days afterward A. & G. went up five points more.

When he did get the chance to sell he made \$300 instead of \$150.

He was greatly tickled over this and told Sam about his luck.

"I call that pig luck," was Sam's comment. "What induced you to go into A. & G.?"

Harvey explained what the newspaper had said about a probable advance in its price within ten days.

"Say, look here, you mustn't believe everything you see in the papers, particularly in the way of stock tips."

"Well, that looked a good thing. It turned out all right, anyway."

"Nine times out of ten it wouldn't have turned out."

"That may be, Sam, but as long as it did turn out in my favor what's the use of arguing about what might have happened?"

"I'm speaking about the future. Now that you've won a bit of money I wouldn't like to see you drop it on the next deal. How much have you made on the two deals?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"That's twice as much as I've made since I started in a year ago. You are doing swell."

He certainly was, with a Wall Street experience of less than three months.

Next day Broker Brown called him into his private room.

"Here's a list of a dozen brokers," said Brown. "Go around to each and find out if they have any Nashville Short Line. When you find any of the stock offer 80 1-2 for it. If the broker accepts that figure tell him to deliver it C. O. D. at my office. Be sure and get a memorandum of any purchase you make."

"All right, sir," said Harvey, who started out at once.

The first office he went into the broker told him he had 1,000 shares of the stock.

"I am instructed to offer you 80 1-2 for it," said Harvey.

The broker looked at the tape and found that was half a point above the market price.

"Who are you buying it for?"

"George Brown."

"You are working for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, I'll deliver the certificates C. O. D. right away."

"I'll write you out the order and you can give me your memorandum of acceptance."

The memorandums were exchanged and Harvey went on to the next broker.

He visited five brokers before he found any more of the stock, then he struck 2,000 shares which he ordered sent C. O. D. to his boss.

That's all he could find, so he returned and reported.

"You have done very well," said Brown. "The stock is scarce. I hardly thought you would get any."

Harvey had an idea that the stock must be in for a rise or Brown wouldn't have bought the shares at an advance on the market.

As he was passing the little bank he went in and left an order for 50 shares of Nashville Short Line, at 80 1-2 or 81, if the bank couldn't get it below that.

Such a small order was easily executed, but the bank had to pay 81 for the shares.

Harvey was evidently going it fast, for this was his third deal inside of a month.

There was some method in this one, for he banked on the scarcity of the stock to cause it to rise, and he had no doubt it was scarce when his boss said so.

In a day or two he found out that Mr. Brown had bought the shares for some syndicate of operators who wanted to corner it, and that meant there would shortly be a boom in it if the combine could bring it about, which was very likely if the syndicate had got control of the majority of the shares on the market.

He was returning up New street after executing an errand when he saw Tim Casey banging a small A. D. T. messenger about.

He grabbed Casey just as that youth was in the act of giving the messenger a parting kick.

Casey lost his balance and sat down with unpleasant suddenness.

The messenger took advantage of his chance to cut and run.

"What did you upset me for?" demanded Casey, springing up and facing Harvey, aggressively.

"I thought I'd stop you from bullying that boy. Why don't you tackle a boy of your own size?" said Harvey.

"Why don't you mind your business?"

"I consider it my business to prevent you from making life miserable for that little messenger."

"I'll get square with you, see if I don't."

"You only think you will. You tried to do that a little while ago, but I don't see that you did much. You ran away like a sneaking coward when you saw a policeman coming. You're nothing but a bag of wind."

With those words Harvey walked away.

Next day Harvey was sent to the Sub-Treasury to exchange a package of gold notes for a bag of coin.

The sum he got amounted to \$10,000 and was quite weighty.

Quite a long flight of wide stone steps led to the door of the building, and when Harvey started down them he saw Casey and another lad coming up.

Casey saw Harvey but gave no sign.

As the young Missourian passed him he turned suddenly and gave Harvey a shove.

Birch wasn't expecting anything of the kind and he lost his balance, dropped the gold and went rolling down the flight, to Casey's intense delight.

Two men lounging on the sidewalk saw what happened, and while one of them went and helped Harvey up, the other ran up, picked up the bag of gold and rushed off with it.

Broker Brown's boy saw him running down the steps with it, and breaking away from the man who was trying to detain him he gave chase.

In his hurry to get away the man tripped on the last step and went sprawling onto the sidewalk. As he scrambled up Harvey sprang upon him and he went down again.

The fellow had fallen on the gold and his body covered it.

Harvey tried to roll him over to get at it.

The fellow resisted his efforts and the other chap came to his aid.

Several pedestrians stopped, thinking the man had been struck down by heart failure or a fit.

Harvey called on one of them to help him roll the fellow over.

"He's a thief and was trying to get away with a bag of gold I was bringing to my office from the Sub-Treasury," said the boy.

"The boy is lying," said the man, getting up with the bag of gold. "The gold is mine. He tripped me up and expected to get away with it himself."

"That's right," nodded the chap's pal. "I saw the whole thing. This boy ought to be arrested. I'll hold on to him until a policeman comes."

The other man then started to walk off with the gold.

Harvey struggled to get away from the fellow who held him, but couldn't.

At that moment Sam Swett came along.

"Hey, Sam, give me a hand here!" cried Harvey.

"What's the trouble?"

"I'm being robbed of a bag of gold. The fellow crossing the street has it, and this fellow is holding me so I can't chase him."

"Let go of him!" said Sam, grabbing the man by the arm.

"Mind your business and sheer off or I'll have you pulled in, too."

Harvey wriggled around and gave him a short-hand punch in the stomach.

That caused him to partly release his grip and the lad from Missouri quickly wrenched himself free.

"Come on, Sam, help me catch that rascal. There he goes down Broad street," said Harvey.

The two boys dashed after the man.

The other uttered a warning shout to his companion.

The thief increased his rapid walk to a run, for he couldn't escape the boys.

Seeing he was sure to be nabbed he dropped the bag and turned down Exchange place and made his escape.

Thus Harvey recovered his bag of gold.

"How did it happen?" asked Sam.

"All through that Casey boy. He pushed me down the Sub-Treasury steps, and the bag fell out of my hands," said Harvey, who then told Sam what followed.

Harvey reported the incident to Mr. Brown, and the broker notified the police, giving a description of the two men.

Whatever efforts the police made to catch them were not productive of results, so the men were not arrested.



A week later Harvey sold his Nashville Short Line shares for 96 and cleared a profit of \$750.

Thus his original \$150 had increased to \$1,400.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE.

Things went along without incident for a couple of weeks, during which Harvey, tickled over his success in speculating, kept his eyes wide open for another chance, and at the same time learned all he could about Wall Street methods.

At the end of that time he accidentally learned that a syndicate of wealthy brokers had been forced to boom a certain small railroad after getting full control of the visible shares.

The name of this road was the Iron Mountain, and it was not a line that was usually dealt in largely, for there was not a whole lot of it on the market.

The control had lately been acquired by a New York bank, and the president of the bank was the brother of the man who got up the syndicate after a consultation with his brother.

The shares yielded a semi-annual dividend and most of it that was around was held by small investors.

The object of the syndicate was to start a rumor reflecting on the ability of the road to continue its dividends in the future, and thus frighten the small holders into selling as the price began to drop somewhat.

These rumors would be circulated off and on until as much of the stock had been shaken out as possible, then the syndicate would see to it that all the rumors reflecting on the road were denied officially.

The price would then be boosted as high as possible by methods known in Wall Street, and when it had reached as high a figure as could safely be expected the shares would be unloaded on the public again, and the members of the combine would divide their profits and quit.

It is unnecessary to explain how Harvey learned all this, but he did and proceeded to take advantage of the information.

He waited till the stock had dropped a number of points and then he put in an order at the little bank for 140 shares at 90 on margin, and the bank got the shares without much trouble.

Harvey tipped Sam off to the good thing and that lad was able to buy 40 shares.

For some days after that Iron Mountain fluctuated a good bit, with a continuous downward tendency which did the business the syndicate was looking for.

Such was the state of affairs when Harvey ran across Mrs. Terhune one morning on the street.

She was looking around for a broker who would place an order on some stock for her, but all fought shy of her custom.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Terhune!" said Harvey, politely.

"Good-morning, young man!" she said, sourly, remembering that he worked for Mr. Brown, whom she was very sore against. "It's a wonder you'd notice me."

"Why not, ma'am? We had a very pleasant conversation at the office the day you called there," said the boy from Missouri.

The boy's manner was so affable and his smile so taking that the lady's frigid demeanor melted somewhat.

"Your employer didn't treat me very nice that day. In fact, he as good as put me out of his office. I've noticed that office boys usually take their cue from their bosses, so I was surprised to see you address me in such a friendly way."

"Well, ma'am, Mr. Brown had his reasons for treating you the way he did. He's a busy man, and he is not partial to lady customers because they take up too much of his time, and he can't tell them to go like he would a man. He wasn't anxious to see you that day, but you insisted on seeing him. As he was very busy he didn't like it, and so he was a little rougher than he really meant to be. I hope you'll excuse him. I assure you he's a fine man, and he'll never turn anybody down who approaches him in the right way."

"Maybe he is, but he didn't treat me like a lady. I lost a lot of money in his office and I wanted a chance to get some of it back."

"He was afraid you would drop more and didn't want to encourage you to speculate any more."

"I have a right to speculate if I want to. I earn my money honestly keeping lodgers, and have a right to use it as I please."

"I suppose you are behind in the game?"

"I have lost more than \$4,000 in Wall Street."

"Then you ought to quit, for luck is against you."

"I intend to try again. I brought \$1,000 down with me to put up on L. & M."

"If you're determined to speculate some more I'll give you a sure tip."

"What is it?"

"Buy 100 shares of Iron Mountain. It's going up."

"Never heard of it."

"I'm in on it. I'll show you," and Harvey produced his memorandum from the little bank for her inspection.

"My gracious! Are you worth all that money?" she said. "You're only an office boy."

"I know it, but I'm lucky at the game. You do as I say and you'll win if you sell out in time."

"How shall I know when to sell out in time?"

"You'll be safe to hold it for a ten or fifteen point rise."

"But I can't find a broker who will do business with me."

"Go to the little bank on Nassau street."

"I've been told to go there, but I found so many men in the place I didn't like to go in."

"Let me have your money. I'll give you a receipt for it. I'll put it up for you, and when I sell my own shares I'll sell yours."

After some hesitation Mrs. Terhune agreed to do it, for she said he looked like an honest boy, and she believed she could trust him.

"I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, because you have lost so much money. I'd like to see you win some of it back."

The result was Harvey got her money and bought 100 shares of Iron Mountain for her at 91.

She gave him her address, and he promised to let her know how the deal went on, and when he sold out.

That afternoon there was a flurry over Erie at the Stock Exchange.

It had been selling around 42 for some time.

At one o'clock that day it suddenly boomed upward and great excitement took place in the board-room over the unexpected rise.

Nobody could account for it.

Whatever interests were pushing it could not be ascertained.

Speculative traders fell over one another in their efforts to buy and sell it.

As it continued to soar many who had sold bought in again.

At two o'clock the price was up to 50, and when Harvey reached the Exchange with a note to his boss he found the place in an uproar.

Sam was there trying to reach Haley with a note, and all the messengers found it unusually difficult to reach the brokers they were after.

Most of these brokers were in the big crowd around the Erie standard, where the volume of sound was terrific.

A forest of hands were waving in the air, and when traders detached themselves from the mob they looked badly ruffled up.

"I haven't seen anything quite as lively as this before," Harvey said to Sam.

"Wait till you see a real panic here and then you'll think the world is coming to an end," grinned Sam.

"When am I likely to see one?"

"I couldn't tell you. They don't have them as often now as they used to. It's so risky that some big-bug generally comes to the rescue in time to stop it. We have small panics, though, every once in a while, when the bottom drops out of a boom, but they don't last long, and are serious only to the people on the wrong side."

"I'd like to find out where Mr. Brown is," said Harvey.

"And I'd like to spot Haley."

In a few minutes Brown, ruffled and perspiring, separated himself from the Erie crowd and Harvey got his note to him.

"All right," said Brown, after reading it.

He appeared to be in excellent humor.

Hardly had Harvey left the Exchange than Erie began to tumble and when the three o'clock hour arrived it was down to 40, or two points below where it started.

About two next day Brown handed Harvey a note to deliver to a broker named Hanley on Exchange place.

Harvey hustled over there and was admitted to the private sanctum.

Hanley didn't look pleasant.

He was a big six-footer, with a red face and an aggressive jaw.



When he read the note he uttered a howl of rage.

Jumping up he seized Harvey, ran him to the door and kicked him into the waiting-room.

The boy fell all over himself from the force that had been applied to him.

His unceremonious exit from the private room naturally attracted the attention of all in the office.

Harvey picked himself up, brushed himself off and started back to demand an explanation of such rough-house treatment.

He had never been handled that way before and he couldn't understand it.

One thing was certain, he wasn't going to stand it from any man.

Men were shot dead out in Missouri for a great deal less than that.

If the trouble lay in the contents of the note that wasn't his fault.

He was bound that Broker Hanley, even if he was as big as a mountain, must make some sort of apology for throwing him bodily out of his room.

He opened the door and walked in.

Hanley was walking up and down his room like a tiger in his cage.

He had thrown open one of his windows to admit the air, for between the steam heat and his concentrated passion the room felt oppressively hot to him.

The broker glared at the boy the moment he appeared.

Harvey lost no time in coming to the point.

"I'd like to know what you mean by throwing me out of your office?" he said. "I'm not used to that kind of thing, and I won't—"

With a roar Hanley pounced on him.

Lifting the boy off his legs he gave him a swung and flung him straight at the window.

Harvey went through it like a shot, and but for a piece of good luck his young career would have been wound up then and there, for the office was four stories up.

As he felt himself going out he clutched at the window-sill with both hands and caught it.

His flight was arrested and there he hung in a very precarious situation, unable to help himself.

Unless somebody came to his assistance it would only be a question of time when his grip would relax and down he would go to the sidewalk.

The moment his form went out through the window, Broker Hanley realized what he had done, and his feelings changed like lightning.

He thought he had killed the boy, for he did not notice his fingers clutching the sill, and he staggered like a drunken man against the wall and covered his face with his hands.

"My heavens!" he gasped, "what have I done? I've committed a murder. I shall be arrested and—"

At that moment Harvey, seeing the hopelessness of his situation, began calling for help.

Hearing the boy's voice so close to the window, Hanley rushed there and discovered where his victim was, and the desperate clutch he had on the window.

Reaching down he grabbed Harvey by the arms and dragged him into the room.

Then, with a chalky face, he dropped into a chair and began mopping his face with his handkerchief.

Harvey got on his feet, mighty thankful for his narrow escape.

He had been in some tough predicaments out in Missouri, but never anything quite so ticklish as the one he had just escaped.

He looked at the broker a moment, and the thought at once crossed his mind that the man must have gone temporarily crazy.

In no other way could he account for the handling he had received.

The amazing part of the affair was the astonishing strength displayed by the trader.

Harvey Birch was no easy proposition to monkey with, and yet Hanley had used him as easy as though he had been a mere child.

It struck the boy he had better leave before the man got another paroxysm on or there was no telling what might happen to him.

Accordingly he started for the door.

Hanley jumped up.

"Don't go!" he said. "I didn't mean to throw you out of the window. I did not know what I was doing. I lost command over myself. Had I killed you I should have blown

my brains out. Thank heaven, you are safe. I will make amends in any way in my power. Give me a chance."

Harvey stopped with one hand on the knob of the door.

"You are too dangerous to have anything further to do with. I guess you're crazy, for nobody but a lunatic would do what you have just done. You ought to be put into a strait-jacket before you do any more harm. That's all I want to say to you, but it's likely you'll hear from Mr. Brown on the subject."

Then Harvey opened the door and hurried from the office.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE WALLET THAT VANISHED.

When Harvey got back to his office he reported to Mr. Brown the reception he had received from Broker Hanley.

His employer was fairly staggered by his story.

"Do you mean to say that he actually threw you out of his forth-story window?" ejaculated Brown, almost incredulously.

"He certainly did. And if I hadn't fortunately caught hold of the window-sill as I was going out you'd never have seen me alive again."

"Good gracious! The man must have been temporarily demented to do such a thing as that."

"He certainly acted like a lunatic. I noticed when I went in first that he looked awfully grouchy. He took your note and read it. Then he jumped up with an imprecation and ran me out into the reception-room, giving me a kick that landed me on all fours. I couldn't stand for an insult like that and went back to demand an explanation and an apology. I got the window instead."

"How did you escape?"

"He pulled me in after seeing what he had done, and started to tell me how sorry he was that he had been so strenuous, but I didn't care to listen to him. I was afraid he might break out again. He was as strong as a bull, and handled me with the greatest ease. I propose to get out a warrant for his arrest and put him through for attempting my life. If the man is crazy I suppose I can't do anything, but otherwise I guess I can make him sweat."

"I judge that the trouble grew out of my note, which was a demand on him for the settlement on the Erie stock he bought of me yesterday. He bought the shares just before the price began to tumble, and I heard he lost heavily by the transaction. That, however, was his lookout. He owes me a large sum of money, and he will have to pay up or make an assignment. All that does not excuse his conduct towards you. I shall make it my business to call on him at once and threaten him with arrest and prosecution unless he makes it right with you."

"I don't know that his apology is of any use to me now," said the boy.

"He'll have to make you more substantial amends."

"How?"

"He'll have to indemnify you for the scare he gave you and the terrible peril he placed you in."

"I wouldn't go through that experience again for a million dollars."

"I should think not. Once is enough for a lifetime. You have stood it better than most boys would. It will afford you some satisfaction, however, if he pays you a substantial sum. Should he refuse to do so you can send him to prison."

Mr. Brown put on his hat and left the office.

He returned thirty minutes later and called Harvey into his room.

"I have settled the matter with him and accepted in your name a check for \$1,000, which is little enough. Here it is. He seems to deeply regret his impetuosity, and made a very humble apology to me. As he appears to be sincere I agreed to sidetrack any action on your part if he would pay you \$1,000. He consented, and so we will consider the incident closed. You are \$1,000 ahead, and you do not seem to be any the worse for your hazardous experience. Under these circumstances I think you had better consent not to prosecute him."

"All right, sir. Whatever you say goes with me."

And so the matter was settled as far as Harvey was concerned, though he did not soon forget what he had passed through at the hands of the athletic broker.

A thousand dollars was some balm to his tingling nerves, and as he counted on making a couple of thousand more out of the anticipated rise of Iron Mountain, he felt pretty good.

The incident in question, however, had not escaped attention on the outside.



A clerk in the window opposite had seen Harvey come out of the window and cling to the sill, and he had called the attention of others in the office of the exciting sight.

Harvey's shout for help had aroused attention in other offices in the neighborhood, and a score of persons saw him dragged back into the room by the broker.

The news of the boy's peril and rescue spread around and reached the ears of a reporter, who proceeded to make an investigation.

This led him to Hanley's office.

But everybody in the place professed the most profound ignorance concerning the affair.

He got an interview with Hanley.

That gentleman assured him that somebody had been hoaxing him.

"If a boy in some way fell out of one of my windows there isn't one chance in a thousand that he could grab the sill and save his life. Somebody has filled you up with a ghost-story."

The reporter didn't believe it was a ghost-story he had heard.

He was shrewd enough to guess that Hanley was trying to cover up the affair and prevent it from getting into the newspapers.

That made the newspaper man all the keener to secure the facts.

He was not successful and had to let the matter go, so Wall Street escaped the knowledge of a stirring sensation which had happened in its midst.

A day or two after that Iron Mountain began to rise when the management officially denied the many rumors that had been floating around about the road not doing as well as usual.

Harvey heard his boss talking about the matter, and speculating as to what was in the wind.

That day the stock recovered five points, going to 95, which was near its customary standing.

The jump represented a gain of \$900 in a few hours to the boy from Missouri.

It showed him he had made no mistake in banking on the information he had picked up.

He immediately wrote to Mrs. Terhune and told her if she looked at the daily market report in her morning paper she would find out that her shares were worth \$500 more than she paid for them.

Next day about noon, while Harvey was sitting in his chair, awaiting a call on his services, a man with a soft hat entered, looked around and then walked over to the ticker where half a dozen customers were grouped.

Harvey had never seen him there before and concluded he had dropped in with the idea of watching the quotations, and might place an order with the cashier.

Strangers often came in and made use of the ticker information without leaving any order.

The ticker there was for the use of any visitor whether he became a customer or not.

The boy gave him no attention after the first glance, and a few minutes later he was sent across to Haley's office with a note.

When he returned he met the stranger coming out of the door.

Inside he found the reception-room in an uproar.

One of the customers declared somebody had stolen his pocketbook containing several hundred dollars.

"Who was standing near you?" asked Harvey, thinking of the stranger, whose face had not impressed him favorably.

The man who was robbed couldn't say for certain, as he had not paid any especial attention to the persons around him.

"The man who just went out stood close up behind you," said one of the parties present. "He was a stranger. He made for the door as soon as you put your hand in your pocket and said your pocketbook was gone."

Harvey thought the stranger ought not to be allowed to leave the building until the matter had been investigated, and he started for the door to see if he could intercept him before he went down the elevator.

The moment he got out in the corridor he saw the stranger waiting for a down cage to take him on.

Harvey rushed over to the elevator shaft, which was only about forty feet from the door of the office.

Just then the elevator came down and stopped.

As the stranger was stepping aboard of it the lad from Missouri reached out, seized him by the collar and pulled him back.

The elevator man and the passengers looked astonished at the boy's action, while the stranger tried to release himself and put up a strenuous protest.

Harvey paid no attention to him, but began dragging him along the corridor.

"Come along, mister, step out. You're wanted in the office," said the boy, tightening his grip on the chap's collar and arm.

"Oh, I say, let me go!" protested the man.

"I'll let you go when I get you inside."

The struggle between them naturally attracted considerable notice and brought Brown's cashier to the door.

"Here's the man who was standing behind Mr. Crosby when he asserted he was robbed of his pocketbook," said Harvey. "He's making such a kick about returning that I think he ought to be searched to see if he has the goods on him."

"This is an outrage!" said the stranger. "Somebody will have to pay for pulling me around this way."

"Charge it to me," said Harvey, shoving him roughly into the office.

Mr. Brown was in the waiting-room talking to the man who had lost his wallet.

All the visitors had expressed a willingness to be searched, but the broker was loath to subject them to such an ordeal.

Harvey shoved his man forward.

He was recognized as the person who stood behind the robbed man.

There was no evidence against him and the question was, should he be searched?

"Let go of the man," said Brown, and the boy released him.

"It has been suggested that everybody in the room at the time this gentleman discovered that his pocketbook was missing be searched," said the broker. "Have you any objection to that?"

The stranger declared that he had, after the rough-house treatment he had been subjected to.

"Why wasn't I asked to return instead of being grabbed roughly by the collar and dragged in here like a dog?" he said. "If that is your boy you are responsible for his conduct."

"I'm afraid you've acted too roughly with this man," said Brown to Harvey.

"He'd have scaped down the elevator if I hadn't grabbed him and stopped him from getting into the cage," replied the boy.

"Under the circumstances I think the easiest way out of this matter is for everybody to submit to a search. It is only a matter of form, since none of you are accused of taking the gentleman's wallet."

This was agreeable to all but the stranger, but seeing that his refusal was arousing suspicion he finally consented if everybody would stand in line and be treated alike.

"I'll stand at the head of the line and be searched first as I am in a hurry to go," he said, walking briskly to the ticker machine and standing there.

The others lined up and the cashier was asked to search the parties.

Broker Brown directed Harvey to stand at the door and keep visitors out until the ceremony had been gone through with.

The stranger was duly searched, but nothing was found on him that did not appear to belong to him.

The result was a matter of surprise, for the impression had prevailed that he had stolen the pocketbook.

He was allowed to go and he walked out without a word.

The other six were subjected to the same search, but the missing wallet was not found on them.

That gave the idea that the man had lost his pocketbook before he entered the office.

The gentleman declared that he had had his wallet in his hand a short time before he found it was gone.

However, the wallet had taken its departure and there seemed no prospect of the owner recovering it, and all present gathered around the ticker once more.

Suddenly one of them looked down, stooped and held up a red leather wallet.

"Is this your missing property, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, that is my pocketbook," said its owner, eagerly. "Where did you find it?"

"One the floor behind the machine here. You must have dropped it."

"The chap we thought took it, stood against the ticker to be searched. Maybe he dropped it to get rid of it," said one of the others.



After talking the matter over the bunch came to the conclusion that the man who had been suspected dropped it when he found he could not leave the room without submitting to a search.

That was Harvey's opinion, too, when he learned how the wallet had been found behind the ticker, for he remembered that the fellow had taken the unnecessary trouble to walk over to the ticker to be searched.

And so the matter ended, to the great satisfaction of the man to whom the wallet belonged, who thus got back the \$300 he had given up as lost.

A week later Iron Mountain reached 105 and Harvey sold both his shares and those of Mrs. Terhune.

His profit on the deal was \$2,100 while the lady's amounted to \$1,500.

The afternoon he collected the money he called on Mrs. Terhune.

He found that she lived in a little three-story old-fashioned brick house in the Greenwich Village section of the city.

She rented the rooms on the three floors to individual lodgers, living in the three-room basement herself, and made quite a profit out of the roomers, for it was seldom she had a room vacant, and she got a fair price from her people.

"I'm glad to see you, young man," she said, opening the area gate. "Come in."

Harvey went in and was conducted to her living-room in the rear, where she had some sewing on the table.

"I sold out your stock yesterday at a profit to you of \$1,500. There is the money, together with your \$1,000 deposit, and there is your statement from the little bank," he said, handing her both.

"Did I really make \$1,500?" she said, her vinegary face relaxing into a smile peculiarly her own. "Dear me, I never was so lucky before."

"You were fortunate, for I gave you the benefit of my tip. I made \$2,000 myself."

"I am much obliged to you. You will let me make you a present of \$100."

"Not a cent, Mrs. Terhune. I did you the favor without any idea of receiving any reward for it. I knew Iron Mountain would prove a winner, and I saw no reason why you couldn't participate in the profits."

"It was very kind of you," she said.

"All right. We'll let it go at that."

After remaining half an hour, Harvey took his leave, with a warm invitation from the grateful lady to call again.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TIP IN THE POCKETBOOK.

One evening Harvey was walking up Broadway about eight o'clock.

The street was fairly full of people going to theaters and other places of amusement.

As he approached the corner of 40th street he saw a sudden commotion and heard a cry for help.

A score of passing pedestrians stopped and looked in the direction of the sounds, but that was all they did.

Harvey hurrying forward was amazed to see a couple of men struggling with another man and a well-dressed woman uttering scream on scream.

"Help! help! I'm being robbed!" cried the man.

That was enough for the lad from Missouri.

He darted into the mix-up.

"Keep away or I'll brain you!" hissed one of the men, raising a slung-shot threateningly.

Harvey's answer was a heavy blow on the jaw that stretched the fellow out as clean as a whistle.

The man who was attacked, relieved of the second assailant, grabbed the other and a fierce tussle took place between them.

Harvey went to the gentleman's aid and between them the rascal was captured.

The crowd closed in on them when it was seen that the crook was getting the worst of the argument.

The chap who had been knocked down got up and disappeared before any one had the nerve to try and detain him.

When the trouble was all over a policeman appeared from somewhere and asked what the trouble was about.

The gentleman explained that he and his wife were on the way to the theater from the hotel they were stopping at when he was suddenly set upon by two men, who began beating him about the head with their fists, one of them endeavoring to his arm around his neck, garrote fashion.

Their object was evidently robbery, and he would have

been overcome had not the young man who had hold of one of his assailants come to his rescue.

He remarked that a dozen men might have come to his aid at the start, but not one of them had made a move to do so, until he and the plucky boy had practically ended the trouble between them by capturing the prisoner, whom he directed the policeman to take charge of.

"I will go to the station-house with you and make the charge of attempted highway robbery with assault against this man," he said.

"And I'll go with you as a witness if you consider my presence necessary," said Harvey.

The officer handcuffed the man, for he looked like a dangerous customer, and marched him off, accompanied by the gentleman, whose name was Dixon, his wife and Harvey.

The proceedings at the precinct station-house were brief, and the crook was locked up.

Mr. Dixon, his wife and Harvey were directed to appear at the police court in the morning.

"So you are connected with Wall Street?" said the gentleman when they stepped outside.

Harvey had given his name and business address to the desk sergeant.

"Yes, sir. I work for George Brown, a stock broker."

"You have done me a great favor, young man, and I assure you that I won't forget it. I would have been knocked out and robbed in the presence of a score or more of people, on a prominent part of Broadway, but for your pluck in coming to my aid. I really can't understand the indifference of the public in such a case. Why, the crooks appear to have full swing in this city. The very daring of the attack they made on me indicates that they counted on the crowd holding back. I think it an outrageous state of things. I should not be surprised to hear of some rascal knocking a man down in a crowded street-car, robbing him and making his escape without interference of the part of the public."

Mrs. Dixon expressed her sentiments in the same way.

"I daresay I might have screamed myself hoarse without securing a single champion from those cowardly men," she said, indignantly. "They ought to be ashamed to look in a glass and call themselves men."

"Are you visiting New York?" asked Harvey.

"Yes. We are from the West. I came to New York to transact some business."

"I am from the West myself," said the boy.

"Indeed! I am pleased to hear it. What part of the West, may I ask?"

"Blank County, Missouri."

"I thought you had the bearing and voice of a Westerner. I am pleased to find that impression confirmed. I think, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "that it is too late for us to go to the theater this evening. We will, therefore, return to our hotel. We shall be glad of your company, Birch, if you have no engagement to keep," said Dixon.

Harvey had no engagement, having come out only for a stroll after dinner, and so he accompanied the gentleman and his wife to their hotel.

They had a suite of two rooms at the Park Avenue Hotel, and Harvey went up there with them.

Mr. Dixon asked him how long he had been in Wall Street, how he liked his position, and whether he thought of remaining permanently in New York.

The boy gave him frank replies.

Mr. Dixon then said that his business in New York was to promote the stock of a silver mine in the Bullfrog District which he was interested in.

"The company has authorized the issue of 150,000 treasury shares to raise money for additional development purposes," he said. "From present indications the mine has an encouraging future. The stock will be offered for ten cents a share, cash, or eleven cents on the instalment payment plan. The allotment for the East is 100,000 shares, and I hope to push the whole of it off right here in New York."

Harvey passed a pleasant two hours with his new friends and then took his leave, Mr. Dixon promising to call at his office to see him in a day or two.

The affair at Broadway and 40th street was duly published in the dailies next morning and read by a large number of the inhabitants of Gotham.

Broker Brown read it on his way downtown and was surprised to see his messenger's name mentioned so prominently in the story.

"That's just like the boy," he said. "He wouldn't hold back and see any man robbed. He is certainly as plucky as they come, and as strong as a young bull. He has proved



himself an uncommonly good boy and messenger. Few boys handicapped as he was when he started in could have made good so quickly. He's sure to make his mark, if energy and ambition can accomplish it."

When he reached the office he called Harvey into his room and asked him for the full particulars of the incident.

Harvey told him that the newspapers had correctly reported the affair, and that he could add little to their accounts.

He explained that Mr. Dixon was interested in the Little Giant Silver Mine, of Bullfrog, and had come East to dispose of a considerable amount of development shares among the investing public.

Then he asked permission to go to court to testify at the captured crook's examination before a magistrate.

He obtained permission to go.

To make sure that he would be on hand, a policeman called for him at quarter of eleven.

He found Mr. Dixon and his wife in court when he arrived there.

When the crook was called to the bar he pleaded "Not guilty."

Then a cheap lawyer announced that he had been retained to look after the prisoner's interests.

He waived examination and asked that a reasonable bail be fixed so that his client could secure his release until the Grand Jury had considered the facts and passed upon them.

The magistrate accordingly remanded the prisoner to the Tombs and fixed his bail at \$1,000.

This was subsequently furnished by an acceptable bondsman and the crook was released from custody pending proceedings against him.

Harvey returned to Wall Street and resumed his duties.

After returning from the bank where he had put in the day's deposits, Mr. Brown sent him with a note to a broker in the Mills Building.

The broker was busy and he had to wait.

He sat down on a chair near the ticker, when, to his surprise, the chair gave away completely and landed him on the floor with a crash.

The accident was very amusing to a couple of men present, who laughed heartily.

One of them came to his assistance, helped him up, and, spying a black wallet on the floor in the midst of the ruins of the chair, and supposing it was his, picked it up and stuck it in his pocket.

Harvey did not take notice of what the man did, and for the time being he remained in ignorance that he had come into possession of property not his own.

In a few minutes the broker was at liberty and Harvey went in and gave him the note he had brought.

The broker read it, scribbled a reply and, putting it in an envelope, handed it to the young messenger, who immediately left.

Harvey handed the note to Mr. Brown and went outside to wait till his services were no longer in requisition for the day.

Then it was that he felt something in his side pocket, and putting his hand there pulled out the black pocketbook.

"This isn't mine. How in thunder did it get in my pocket?" he asked himself in no little astonishment.

As he couldn't find an answer to his own question he proceeded to examine the wallet.

It contained \$100 in bills, numerous memoranda and a card bearing the date of that day which read as follows:

"The syndicate is complete and is backed by the Northwestern Bank. The combine will start in buying right away, so get busy yourself and go the limit on the stock I mentioned to you—O. & N. It is good for a fifteen-point rise at least. When you have cashed in send me the twenty per cent. rake-off you promised for this tip."

"This looks like a first-rate pointer," thought Harvey. "I would like to know who this wallet belongs to so I could return it, and I'd like to know who J. D. is, so I could find out whether he is in a position to hand out a tip that looks like a winner."

A further examination of the wallet brought to light a note bearing the printed heading of the Northwestern Bank.

The note was addressed to Chauncey Kane, No. — Broad street, and contained a request for him to meet the writer at the Empire Cafe, at two o'clock, on the date of the note, which was a week back, and was signed John Dillon.

The writing was the same as that on the card, so J. D. was clearly John Dillon.

A list of the bank officers printed on the notehead showed that Dillon was one of the vice-presidents of the bank.

"This pocketbook is the property of Chauncey Kane, I should judge," thought the boy, "and as his address is No. — Broad street, I ought to have no difficulty in restoring it to him. I'll go in and tell Mr. Brown about it."

The broker was closing his desk preparatory to leaving the office.

Harvey showed him the pocketbook and told him how he had found it in his pocket, and was quite ignorant how it got there.

"That is rather a remarkable circumstance," said Brown.

"It certainly is, sir, particularly as it contains \$100 in money."

"Is there any clew in it to its owner?"

"There's a note from a man named Dillon on the notehead of the Northwestern Bank, and it is addressed to Chauncey Kane, whose address is given as No. — Broad street. From that I figure that the wallet belongs to Kane."

"You'd better call on Kane and see if it's his property. It is funny it should have found its way into your pocket, though."

"That's the astonishing part of it. I can't understand it."

"When did you find it in your pocket?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Since you returned from your errand to the Mills Building?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had it been there before you went on that errand don't you think you would have noticed it?"

"I might. At any rate, I'm sure it wasn't in my pocket when I carried the day's deposits to the bank."

"Were you in a crowd going to or coming from the bank?"

"No, sir."

"Or going to or returning from the Mills Building?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't account for it getting into your pocket. A thief when detected in the act of plying his light-handed business often slips the stolen article into the pocket of a bystander so that if he is caught nothing incriminating him would be found on his person. Such could hardly have happened in your case or you would recall something in connection with the circumstance."

"No, sir. I don't think anything like that happened to me."

"Well, take the pocketbook down to Mr. Kane and see if it is his."

Harvey left the office and walked into the building bearing the number on the note.

A glance at the wall directory showed him that Chauncey Kane had an office on the third floor.

He went up there and found by the sign on the door that Mr. Kane was a stock broker.

"Is Mr. Kane in?" he asked a clerk.

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I do."

"Well, go in that room. You'll find him disengaged."

Harvey walked into the room and found a gentleman with florid countenance and long, blond side-whiskers, seated at a desk.

"Mr. Kane?" he said, interrogatively.

"That's my name," said the broker, looking up.

"My name is Harvey Birch, and I work for George Brown, stock broker."

"Well?"

"I found a pocketbook that I have an idea belongs to you."

"Yes, yes; I lost my wallet somewhere. I think in the Mills Building."

"That's where I found it," said Harvey, who did not want to say he had found it in his pocket, as that would look like a ghost-story, and would probably lead to a lot of useless questioning.

"Let me see it, please."

"What color is it?"

"Black."

"That's right. How much money was in it?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but close to \$100."

"And there was a note addressed to you signed by——"

"John Dillon," said Kane.

"The pocketbook is yours. Here it is."

He handed it to the broker, who opened it and ran the contents rapidly over.

"It's all right," he said. "You are an honest boy to return it to me. Allow me to hand you \$50."

"It isn't necessary for you to offer me any reward, sir."

"That's all right. Take it as a present."



"That's half the money. I'd rather not take so much."

"Oh, I can spare it. The contents of the wallet, independent of the money, are worth ten times \$50 to me, so I insist that you accept the bills."

Harvey took the money, thanked him and then took his leave.

## CHAPTER X.

### KNOCKED OUT.

Satisfied that the tip was all right, Harvey bought 400 shares of O. & N. on margin at the little bank next morning, the market figure being 85.

He also put Sam on to the pointer.

That young chap having won a roll on Harvey's previous tip jumped at the chance to get in on another.

"How do you manage to get hold of these tips, Birch?" he asked.

"Oh, they just come my way because I'm lucky," replied Harvey.

"And you say this is a winner?"

"Just as much of a winner as Iron Mountain."

"That was a good one. I made over \$500 on it."

"Well, with the money you have you ought to make \$1,000 this time."

"How much do you expect to make out of it, five or six thousand? Say, you're going some for a new thing in Wall Street. I never saw any one catch on like you have."

"I took your advice and have been studying the market right along."

"I've been studying it for over two years and haven't made out as well in the market as you have done since you started speculating."

"That's because I'm luckier than you. I am satisfied that luck counts for a whole lot in Wall Street. I haven't made a bad deal yet, and the one I've just got in on is the fifth."

"If I follow your lead I'll make a boodle quicker than by going on my own hook."

At that moment a rotten apple struck Harvey on the shoulder, caromed and hit Sam square in the nose.

He uttered a howl of pain.

Harvey turned quickly and saw Tim Casey's grinning face peering from a doorway.

He was satisfied that young rascal had flung the missile.

"Who threw that apple at me?" said Sam, holding his nose.

"It was thrown at me by Tim Casey."

"Where is he? I'll knock the daylights out of him," said Sam, angrily.

"He's hiding in that doorway yonder. We can't catch him. The moment we started in his direction he'd cut away. When I meet him again I'll call him to an account for his act."

"I'd like to catch him now. I'm just in the humor to——"

His gaze lighted on the grinning Casey.

In a moment he made a bee-line for him.

Casey saw him coming and disappeared.

He scurried upstairs and when Sam got to the door he was not in sight.

Harvey did not follow Sam, but went on to his office.

An hour later he encountered Casey on Beaver street.

Catching him by the ear he said:

"What did you throw that rotten apple at me for?"

"What's the matter with you? Let me alone!"

"You might have put my eye out or Sam Swett's. I'll give you something to make you remember not to do such a thing again."

He gave Casey a slap on each cheek and walked away.

Casey, wild with rage, called him many hard names.

A banana-cart stood a few feet away.

At the end of it stood a small pile of over-ripe fruit, marked one cent each.

Casey seized one and flung it after Harvey.

It whizzed past his hat.

The lad from Missouri turned and started back.

Casey made a dart to cross the street, struck the end of the banana-cart and upset it and its contents on the sidewalk, falling on all fours in the gutter.

The Italian who was in charge of the cart uttered a roar of rage.

Casey picked himself up like a monkey and was up the street like a flying meteor.

When Harvey saw the ruin made by his enemy he stopped and chuckled.

"I'd hate to be in his shoes if that Italian got hold of him," he said, looking at the infuriated fruit man, who was dancing like a lunatic around his overturned property.

Then Harvey went on his way.

Later on he told Sam about the incident, and they laughed over it.

Two weeks passed, during which O. & N. gradually went up to 92.

Then it took a boom on and jumped to par.

Harvey and Sam sold out and gathered in a good profit—the former making \$6,000, and the latter about \$1,300.

The boy from Missouri was now worth over \$10,000, and he had only been in Wall Street six months.

He wrote encouraging letters to his father and mother, but he never mentioned a word of his successful speculations, and his father continued sending him \$5 a week for pocket-money.

This money he put in a savings bank, for he had no use for it, and did not care to mix it up with his working funds.

In the meantime Harvey had met Mr. Dixon, the mining promoter, several times.

That gentleman presented him with a handsome diamond pin for what the boy had done for him and, incidentally, his wife.

The Sunday papers contained an alluring advertisement setting forth the advantages offered by the Little Giant mine to investors at ten cents a share, and Mr. Dixon, who had taken an office in a Broad street building, sold the stock like hot cakes.

In a month he had got rid of every share of the Eastern allotment and was ready to return to Bullfrog, where the mine was situated.

The evening before he started he invited Harvey to dine with him and his wife at their hotel, and the boy accepted the invitation.

After dinner they went to a theater, and at the close of the show Harvey bade Dixon and his wife good-by and started for his boarding-house.

The block he lived in was deserted and silent, and his footsteps echoed on the sidewalk as he walked along.

The papers that day had spoken about the probable rise in copper stocks and the boy from Missouri was wondering if he would be able to make any money out of a line he had not touched yet.

In this mental occupation he reached his abiding place and turned to ascend the steps, when suddenly four tough-looking young fellows appeared out of the area where they had been hiding and seized him.

Four to one looked like an easy proposition for the aggressors, but they soon discovered that they had tackled a small cyclone.

With two blows Harvey knocked a pair of them down, and then proceeded to polish off the other two before the others got on their feet.

He would likely have succeeded, for when he landed a blow it did damage, but one of the downed rascals seized him by the leg and embarrassed his movements so much that one of the others managed to reach him with a slung-shot, and that was a little bit more than Harvey's head could stand.

He went down and out and the scrap was over.

During all this time a night-hawk cab had been standing a short distance away close to the curb.

The driver viewed the conflict without leaving his perch.

When the finish came, the bruised quartette picked Harvey up, carried him to the cab, opened the door and threw him inside.

Two piled in after him and two crowded on the seat with the driver, who whipped up his sorry-looking nag and drove off down the street toward the west.

It might have been two hours later that the lad from Missouri recovered his senses.

He found himself bound tightly and stretched on a bed in a dark room, the outline of which he could barely make out by the light of a starry sky which came through a window at one end.

A glimmer of light came under a door connecting with another room, and Harvey heard voices of men in there.

The conversation was boisterous and coarse, and from the words he caught he judged they were playing cards.

It was not long before the door was opened and a young, dissolute-looking fellow came in and flashed a match close to Harvey's face.

"You've come around, have you?" he said.

Without another word he turned around and walked out, closing the door after him.

Harvey's wonder was not why he had been attacked, but why he had been brought to that place after having been knocked out.



He was not kept long in ignorance.

Fifteen minutes later the door opened again and a bearded man entered with a lamp, which he placed on a shelf.

"Now, young fellow, do you know why you are here?" he said.

"No," answered Harvey.

"Because you butted into a little affair on Broadway and 40th street a month ago and a friend of mine was arrested. You spoiled a neat job and that put you in bad with us. We've been watching you ever since and laying for you, but last night was the first chance we got of reaching you. Now we've got you we'll give you a chance to do the right thing. We might have croaked you last night and left you for the cop on the beat to find and send to the morgue, but we thought we could do better by bringing you here."

"What's your proposition?"

"The proposition is to have the charge against our pal dismissed. He's out on bail for the present. We want you to go to the man who was attacked and get him to call the matter off. He'll do it if you ask him, for you saved him from a knockout, and his ticker and wallet from being boosted. Give me your word to do the right thing and we'll take a chance on you," said the man.

"I can't do anything," said Harvey, and then a thought occurred to him. "I might get him to go West right away, but I can't guarantee to make him drop the case."

"How far West could you get him to go?"

"Where he came from—Nevada."

"That's some distance. How do you expect to work it?"

"If you've been following me up I guess you know I work in Wall Street."

"Yes, we know that all right."

"He's connected with a mine out in Nevada. I can tell him a thing or two that will make him think he'd better get out there in a hurry."

"You think you can do that, eh?"

"I know I can do that much."

"Well, how about yourself when the case comes up. You're a witness."

"It isn't certain I'll be able to identify your pal when I see him again. I would like to see him punished, on general principles, but as long as he did the gentleman no injury I'm not particularly interested in what happens to him."

"I'll talk the matter over with the bunch and if they say you can go you'll be released; but if you go back on us we'll croak you as sure as you lie there."

With that parting threat the man took the lamp and left the room.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HOUSE IN THE MARSH.

After the departure of the crook Harvey began to test the tightness of the cord that bound his arms together.

Exerting all his strength on it he finally loosened it enough to enable him to get one of his arms free.

After that the rest was easy.

He got off the bed, went to the door and listened.

Several men were talking and arguing in the next room.

Then he went over to the window, softly raised the sash and looked out.

He found he was on the top floor in the rear of a five-story tenement house, which was one of a block of such houses, and that a line of similar buildings faced on the next street.

A long succession of yards filled in the space between, across which ran a maze of clothes-lines, from many window to tall poles at different spots in the center.

There were fire-escapes to each house, but the nearest to the window Harvey looked out of was several yards away.

Apparently it would require wings to reach it.

"There is no escape this way," he thought, "and the only other exit is through the room where the men are."

Looking down he saw that the window below was down about a foot from the top.

He had heard of people escaping from a burning house by means of sheets tied together, and he wondered if he could reach that window by the aid of the sheets on the bed.

He struck a match and looked at the bed.

The spread was thin and worn, and so was the blanket underneath.

There was only one soiled sheet on the bed.

The three articles mentioned, if tied together, might answer.

He determined to see if they would.

He had no time to lose, for his late visitor was liable to return at any moment, and the boy was not anxious to submit to his terms.

He tied the three articles together, then attached the spread to the leg of the bed and threw the rest of his improvised line out of the window.

It was plenty long enough; the only question was would it hold his weight.

If it parted with him in the air he would drop four full stories into the yard below, and that meant certain death.

Harvey being pluck to the backbone determined to risk it.

Testing the grip of the spread to the bed he climbed out of the window and took his chances.

The spread held and he slipped safely down to the blanket.

That held all right, too, and he reached the window-sill below without having to use the sheet at all.

Raising the lower window-sash he stepped into the room.

It had a bed in it, like the room he had left, but no one was in it.

He struck a match and found the connecting door just as it was above.

He opened it and found himself in a dark living-room, the principal furniture of which was a table, several chairs, a stove, a chest of drawers and other articles.

He saw a door leading into another room, and a second door which he judged opened on the common corridor of that floor.

It was locked and bolted, but as the key stood in the lock these obstacles were easily overcome and he let himself out of the place.

The corridor was as dark as Egypt, but the flare of another match showed him where the stairs were.

There was nothing to prevent him going down and so down he went to the floor below, and so on to the ground floor, where he found the street door.

This was not locked, as it was left open day and night for the free ingress and egress of the tenants, who were of a low and shady character.

Once on the street he felt comparatively safe, though his surroundings showed him that he was in a tough locality.

The ground floors of the buildings were occupied by cheap stores and many grogeries.

All were closed at that hour.

He saw several men slouching along the street so as to avoid suspicion he concluded to imitate their slouching gait himself.

He reached the corner all right and found he was on 41st street by the sign on the street lamp.

He turned up the avenue to 42d street without meeting with a soul.

He knew he was on the west side and on the confines of a bad locality.

He started east at a smart pace, keeping to the edge of the sidewalk and using his eyes to see that no one approached him with unfriendly intent.

A clock showed him that it was nearly two in the morning.

In due course he reached Broadway, and from there to his boarding-house he found it plain sailing, and reached his room without further incident.

Next morning he debated whether he should call at Police Headquarters on his way downtown and report his night's experience.

He finally decided that it wouldn't do any good to do so.

When Mr. Brown reached the office Harvey told him his story and asked him if he thought it was advisable to acquaint the police with the matter.

"Do you remember the house you were carried to?" asked the broker.

Harvey admitted that he did not.

"It was one of a row and about the center of the block, but I could not go there and say which one it was," he said.

"Then you might as well let the matter rest. You only saw one man, and it is probable he was disguised by a false beard, so if any arrest followed your complaint you could not identify the prisoner, and he would be discharged."

So Harvey let the matter drop.

When the grand jury shortly afterward took up the case, Mr. Dixon and his wife were back in Bullfrog, and the jury did not consider Harvey's testimony sufficient to indict the accused one.

The result was the case was dropped against him and he got off.

The crooks believed that Harvey was the cause of Dixon returning West, and he received a note from one of them



telling him he had done a wise thing, and that he would not be bothered again.

Harvey turned his attention to the copper situation and waited to see what would happen.

The Wall Street papers gave considerable space to copper and the big stocks began to advance some.

One financial publication suggested that Caledonia Copper was the best proposition for small investors.

This stock was going at about \$5.

Harvey decided to buy 2,000 shares of it outright and see how he would come out on the speculation.

He advised Sam to buy some of the stock, but that lad did not think there was enough money in it to bother about it.

"But you have something over \$2,000, and have made most of it by following my lead, so if you bought 400 shares, and it went up only \$1 you'd make \$400, and that's a bunch of money—about as much as a year's wages to you," said Harvey.

"I'll think about it," said Sam, but he did not appear very enthusiastic.

Whether he thought it over or not he didn't buy any Caledonia, and as a consequence he did not participate in the boom that shortly afterwards came and landed Harvey a \$10,000 winner.

"Aren't you sorry you didn't go in?" said Harvey when Caledonia was up to \$10 a share. "If you'd bought the 400 shares you'd have doubled your capital just as I have doubled mine."

Sam admitted that he had been slow, but there was no use kicking now.

About this time there was an unusual slump in the stock market.

The result was that business became slow in Wall Street.

The lambs on whom the brokers fattened kept away and none of their funds found its way into the financial district. Many of the traders took advantage of the condition of things to go on a shooting or fishing trip, from two to half a dozen going off together.

Broker Brown got up a party of five and picked out Barnegat as the scene of a week's outing contingent on the market not picking up in the meanwhile.

Brown concluded to take Harvey with the party, and the lad from Missouri was delighted at the idea.

The party left New York on Saturday afternoon via the Central Railroad of New Jersey and were landed at their destination early the same evening.

They put up at the village inn, where accommodations had been secured in advance.

Next day being Sunday the party rested at the inn.

After breakfast next morning they started out with a guide who was hired to take them to a good shooting-ground.

The landlord of the inn loaned Harvey a shotgun so he could take part in the sport.

The day was cloudy and the wind blew from the sea.

This was favorable for shooting and the party began accumulating bags of game soon after they got on the ground.

They had brought a bountiful lunch along and ate it about one o'clock.

Shooting was then resumed, but as the afternoon progressed a mist came in from the ocean and the party began to find some difficulty in keeping track of one another.

As the air grew darker and the mist thicker it was decided to call further sport for the day off.

When all hands were rounded up every one but Harvey was accounted for.

A hunt was started to find him, but it proved unsuccessful, though the brokers fired off the guns and shouted lustily.

Finally the guide suggested that he probably had worked his way around the long sandy ridge and they would overtake him on their way back.

It was the only safe route the boy could have followed when he found himself separated from the party, for any other course would have taken him into the intricacies of the marsh.

It happened, however, that Harvey got confused by the mist and went off into the marsh, a route the guide did not think about.

This route was a fairly solid path running to the center of the big swamp, where there was a large patch of stable soil on which stood a story-and-a-half house inhabited by one of Barnegat's oldest inhabitants, a man who lived a hermit-like existence, and was only seen in the village once in a long while when he went there to purchase supplies for himself.

He lived chiefly on the vegetables he cultivated around his habitation.

His age was variously estimated at between eighty and ninety years, and people alluded to him as the last of the wreckers.

His name was Jake Billings.

Whenever he appeared in the village he patronized two places—the oldest tavern, where he purchased a jug of the best whisky, and the original general store where he bought several pounds of smoking tobacco and such stores as he wanted.

He held no conversation with anybody, and his taciturnity and rather forbidding face, seamed and scarred like the weather-beaten sides of some old derelict, prevented any familiarity from others.

Harvey stumbled upon this old man's habitation about the time he was missed by his friends.

He saw its blackened boards looming up before him in the misty air and he wondered what he had struck.

The two windows looking seaward were closed, but another window, facing in the direction he had come, was open, and through this opening came the strangest sounds the boy ever heard in his life.

He could not tell whether it was an animal or a man who uttered them, but whoever it was seemed to be in great distress.

On the presumption that it was a man who was in trouble, Harvey approached the door of the house.

At that moment he heard the reports of several shotguns from the direction he had come and the sound of distant shouting.

"That's our party. I guess they've missed me. Now I know about where they are. I'll hustle along in that direction as soon as I see what's wrong in this old shack," thought the boy.

As he spoke sounds that were distinctly human reached him through the window, so he lost no time opening the door and walking in.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PRICE OF A GLASS OF WATER.

The habitation consisted of one large room on the ground floor, with a ladder leading to the half-story above.

The room was furnished with an odd assortment of old furniture and filled with a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, the general character of which indicated the maritime leaning of its occupant.

The small, rusty cook stove had no fire in it and was choked with wood ashes.

The old wooden clock on the largest shelf had run down and its pendulum, seen through the glass door, was at rest.

There was nobody in the room.

The sounds Harvey had heard outside came from the floor above, and were groans of a man in pain.

Harvey laid down his gun and game-bag and ran up the ladder.

Poking his head up through the trap he could see nothing at first, so dark was the place.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

The groaning stopped and he heard a hoarse whispering as of a very weak person trying to speak with poor success.

Harvey jumped up into the half-story and narrowly missed bumping his head against the sloping rafters in the dark.

Before advancing further he struck a match to investigate the surroundings.

On a pallet against the roomiest side of the half-story lay the form of a man fully dressed in rough garments.

An empty mug and a common kerosene lamp that had burned out stood close by on the floor.

There was no furniture in the place, nothing but a sea-chest and a lot of marine dunnage in the shape of coils of rope, a fishing-net, fishing-lines hanging from nails, and such like.

Harvey walked over to the sick man and saw his glaring eyes fixed upon him.

"Water! water! in the name of heaven!" he gasped, in a tone so hoarse and indistinct that only the boy's sharp ears caught the import of the words.

"Where'll I find the water? Downstairs?" asked Harvey.

The man nodded his head two or three times with some effort.

The boy grabbed up the mug, went down the ladder and found a small fancy keg surrounded by brass hoops on a shelf in a corner.

It had a spigot.



It was two-thirds full of water and while Harvey was filling the mug he saw a five-quart stone jug on the floor.

Before returning upstairs he removed the cork and smelt of the contents.

It was whisky.

"That will revive him," thought Harvey. "I'll take him some."

He picked up a glass, half filled it with whisky and carefully carried both the water and the spirits up the ladder.

He handed the jug of water to the parched man first and he drained it with an eagerness that was painful to look at.

Some of the water went against his breath and nearly strangled him.

After a paroxysm of coughing he finished the water to the drop.

Harvey lit several matches to give the man light.

Fearful that he would swallow all the whisky the same way as the water the boy poured most of it into the jug and handed him a couple of swallows.

The man drank it eagerly and cried for more.

Harvey gave him a second dose and he revived somewhat.

His voice became louder and he insisted on a third drink of whisky.

Harvey was not sure he ought to have so much all at once, but the man was so insistent that he finally yielded and let him have it.

The man then fell back and breathed heavily, but he seemed to feel better than at first.

Harvey looked at the lamp and saw there was no oil in it.

He decided to refill it if he could find the kerosene downstairs.

Leaving the man as he was he went down and found a can partly full of oil.

He filled the lamp, trimmed the wick and lighted it.

Then he went back upstairs with it.

The man beckoned to him to approach close.

"I'm an old man. My name is Jake Billings," he said to Harvey, when the boy knelt beside his rude pillow. "I feel I am dying—that I won't last many hours. I was taken sick several days ago, and with no one near I have suffered the torments of the infernal regions ever since. I wanted drink and could not get it. I am too weak even to crawl out of this bed. I shall never leave it alive. I don't know who you are, boy, but I can see you are a stranger around here. You have given me drink and I am grateful to you. You are the first person I've spoken to in a friendly way for years. I have lived here alone for thirty years, but the end is come at last. It was bound to in time, but I did not think it would take me so quick and short."

It was a long speech for the sick man and he was obliged to pause from weakness and shortness of breath.

Harvey waited to hear what else he had to say.

Billings pointed at the jug that held the balance of the whisky and the boy gave him another drink.

This revived him and he went on.

"If you will remain with me here till the end comes I will make it worth your trouble."

"I am willing to do what I can for you, but I think you ought to have a doctor as soon as possible."

"I don't want any doctor. He could do me no good. I'm too old to rally after what I've gone through. You may not believe me, but I am ninety-two years old."

"As old as that?" said Harvey, surprised, for the man's hair was not white, but an iron gray, and he had more of it than some young people.

His features, though now thin and pinched, looked rugged and as tough as nails.

"Yes, as old as that. I'm the last of the old Barnegat colony of fishermen, and in those days we were wreckers as well. Many a ship and smaller craft has come ashore along the outer beach before the lighthouse was built and the Coast Guard came here to warn and save those driven this way in stormy weather. From the wrecks we had many rare pickings—gold, silver, jewels and other things of more or less value. I never married and instead of spending my findings in liquor at the dram shops in the village I hoarded it up. I have now a pretty pile, and I don't want to see it go into the hands of the land-sharks that live around here now. I intend to give everything to you if you will stand by me till I drift out on the uncharted sea of eternity. You will find that my hoard is worth many thousands of dollars. I will give you a start in life. Before you turned up I would have given every bit of it for a cupful of water. You gave me the water, and more, you brought me whisky, which

has buoyed me up some, and so my hoard is yours, but I ask you in charity's name to stay with me during my last hours."

He paused again and Harvey assured him that he would remain with him.

He told the sick man how he had come that way with a shooting party, consisting of his boss and five Wall Street brokers, and how when the mist came in and grew thick around the edge of the marsh he had become separated from the party and wandered to the house.

"I don't believe I'd be able to find my way back to the party now, for I've no doubt that the mist is thicker than it was when I came here, so I suppose I'll have to stay here anyway until somebody familiar with this locality comes after me. If nobody comes the chances are I'll have to stay till morning," said Harvey.

"You have no idea where you are now, then?" said Billings.

"Not the slightest."

"You're in the middle of the marsh, on a small piece of solid ground. I put up this house with the help of two of my old friends nearly forty years ago. For a few years one of them lived with me. Then he died and from that time I've lived alone, shunning the new generation that was growing up in this vicinity, for there was nothing in common between us. I've only visited the village twice within the last fourteen months. I have always been able to raise enough in my garden to live on, to which I have added fish I have caught in the bay and ducks and birds I've shot in the marsh. If I could have raised tobacco and made whisky I never would have gone near the village."

"I guess the free, open and simple life you lived preserved your life beyond the usual span of human kind."

"Yes, that is so. Fresh air, no worry and exercise, with a plain diet and plenty of it is all any man needs to live on. The life of cities is involuntary suicide."

Harvey agreed with him, but still what is the use of a long life when you cannot have a good time.

"Do you see that chest yonder?" said Billings.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"It has a stout lock, but here is the key," and he took the article from a hole in his mattress. "Take the lamp, unlock it and look into it."

Harvey followed his directions.

When he threw up the lid of the old-fashioned sea-chest he found a tray filled with clothes and odds and ends, including a sailor's sewing-kit.

"I see nothing but clothes," he said.

"Lift the tray," said Billings.

The tray was a deep one, but the wearing apparel was not very heavy so he lifted it without much trouble.

Underneath he saw an old, faded American flag spread close around the sides of the trunk.

"Shall I remove the flag?" he asked.

"Yes, but put it back after you have seen what is underneath," said the dying man.

Harvey pulled one side of the flag back.

Beneath it was a considerable space filled with boxes of gold and silver coin together with several bundles of bills.

There were also boxes holding old-style watches, golden fob watch-holders, and hundreds of bits of jewelry, in which glistened diamonds, rubies, garnets, pearls, emeralds and other gems.

There were many valuable inlaid trinkets and other articles too numerous to specify.

The display fairly amazed the Wall Street boy.

"You did not steal this?" he said.

"Not in the sense you think. I took it from corpses washed ashore from lost vessels. Some of it I found in wrecks that had drifted on the sands with no one aboard to lay claim to anything. It is all fair spoil, my lad, perfectly fair, for I took none of it against the owner's wishes. And now I give it all to you to do with as you please, for I have no further use for it. It is the price of the glass of water. It will make you rich in a way and you are welcome to it."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CONCLUSION.

Harvey was not a little staggered at the extent of the dying stranger's legacy.

That he should come in for it in such an unexpected way was equally astonishing to him.

It seemed as if he must be dreaming, and he pinched himself to see if he was really awake.

Yes, he was awake all right.



Then it occurred to him that he would find trouble in taking away any of the old man's property after he was dead. There was no witness to this legacy, and therefore it wouldn't stand the test of law.

He called the dying man's attention to the fact.

Billings thought a moment and then told Harvey he would find paper, pens and ink downstairs.

"Draw up a kind of will and I'll sign it," he said.

"That won't go, either," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"A will to be valid must have at least two witnesses."

"Then the only thing you can do is to go downstairs, pick out a couple of small bags you will find there, fill them with the money and jewelry, and carry them off with you as soon as I'm dead."

"I could do that, but when I report your death, if you do die, I might be suspected of taking your property, which I had no right to."

Finally Harvey decided to make out a bill of sale for the sea-chest and its contents for and in consideration of the sum of \$5.

"Make it any way you think best," said Billings.

So Harvey drew up the paper, handed the man the bill and he signed the document.

Then he relocked the chest and put the key in his pocket.

He went downstairs and prepared some gruel for the dying man.

He tried to take it, but could only swallow two spoonfuls.

He prepared some hot whisky and gave Billings some of that.

The old man dropped off to sleep.

Harvey, feeling hungry after his afternoon's sport and tramp, went down to see what he could find to eat.

He found coffee and made a small pot of it.

He also found a bag of soda crackers.

The smell of the coffee made him more hungry, so he plucked two of his smallest birds, cleaned them, and fried them in a pan, seasoning them with pepper and salt.

There was no butter in the place, as the old man never used it, but there was fat enough to accomplish the frying.

Hunger is the best sauce in the world, and Harvey felt no disposition to quarrel with his own cooking, which was pretty fair, all things considered.

He ate both birds to the bones and wished there were more.

He topped off with coffee and crackers.

Feeling pretty good he returned to the old man.

Before doing so he looked out and found the mist as thick as an ordinary fog.

His watch told him that it was seven o'clock.

He wondered what Mr. Brown would do about his absence.

Probably he would hire a number of the inhabitants to start out to beat up the shooting-grounds for him.

In any case he did not worry.

He knew he could get away from the house as soon as daylight came and the mist cleared away.

He went upstairs and sat beside the sleeping Billings.

It was a dreary sort of vigil to keep away out there in the center of the marsh.

Harvey, however, let his thoughts dwell on his strange legacy, and he tried to estimate the value of it.

There were several thousand dollars in money, and the jewels might pan out a great deal more when their value was estimated by an expert.

In any case, with his capital of \$20,000, he would be considered a rich boy.

He wondered what his folks out on the Missouri farm would say when he wrote them telling how prosperous he had become since he came to Wall Street.

So time passed, and almost before the boy knew it it was ten o'clock.

Then it was he heard the distant report of guns.

"That's from a party hunting for me," he thought.

As the old man was still sleeping he ran downstairs, got his gun, stepped outside and fired off both barrels.

More firing followed closer.

He put in two more cartridges and fired them off.

Two shots followed still closer, at the edge of the marsh.

Harvey fired for the third time.

After an interval a shot was heard closer still.

The searchers, who knew the way to the old wrecker's house, were coming there, for the shooting in that direction indicated that the strayed boy was there.

In a short time they arrived, guided by a fire Harvey had started in the open space before the house.

"So this is where you are?" said the head man.

"You were sent out to look for me, I suppose?" said the boy.

"Of course. Are you ready to go back with us?"

"No. The old man who lives here is ill in bed. He says he's dying and he asked me to remain with him till he died. I promised to do so."

"So old Jake Billings is really giving up the ghost, is he?" said the man. "I thought he was going to live forever. He was an old man when I was a boy running around the beach. He must be a hundred."

"He told me he was ninety-two."

"Then you've been talking with him?"

"We had a long talk."

"Then you're the first person he's been sociable with since I can remember—all of thirty years. What did he tell you? Anything about himself?"

"Yes. A number of things. He said he was the last of the old fishing colony of Barnegat."

"He certainly is. He lived when wrecking was a popular occupation. I'll bet he's got a lot of money hidden away in the old shack."

"Come up and see him."

"Maybe he wouldn't want to see any of us."

"I guess he would be glad to if he really is dying."

The shooting Harvey had done had awoke the old man from his fitful slumbers, and they found him wide-awake.

The newcomers spoke to him and he told them he was fast drifting out on the unknown sea.

"This boy has done me a great favor. I was suffering the greatest agony when he came here and relieved me," said Billings. "He has made my last moments peaceful so I want him to have all I leave behind me."

"Your money, you mean?"

"Yes, and all my traps."

"Then you'd better make a will and have the thing done up right."

"I've given him a paper that covers that sea-chest and its contents. You had better look at the paper and then sign it as a witness that I have given it to him for the sum of five dollars."

"All right, but you ought to keep enough back to see that you are respectfully buried," said the man.

"I'll make out a new paper," said Harvey, "covering that."

The new paper read that Jake Billings transferred everything of which he died possessed of to Harvey Birch in consideration of the sum of \$250 to be expended on his funeral, which should include a suitable headstone and a lot in the village cemetery.

The old man signed it, and all present, excepting the boy, signed it as witnesses.

An hour later Billings died.

The house was then locked up and Harvey accompanied the men back to the inn.

He was received with acclamation, and his story was listened to with interested attention.

Next day the coroner held an inquest on Billings, listened to Harvey and the other witnesses of the old man's death, and issued a permit for his burial.

Harvey at the first chance had the sea-chest removed to the inn, and gave an order to the local undertaker to give the dead man a first-class funeral.

The body was taken to the undertaker's, where it was prepared for interment, and then allowed to remain on view.

Nearly everybody in Barnegat went to see the corpse of the fisherman-wrecker.

Speculation was rife as to what extent the young New Yorker benefited by his death, many believing he had come into a good thing, which was the truth.

Harvey bought a grave in the best part of the cemetery, had it railed in and a neat shaft put up to the old man's memory.

Altogether, the expense was twice \$250, but he did not grudge the money.

He found that there was \$8,000 in money in the chest, and the jewels panned out \$20,000 more.

Thus his trip to Barnegat was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Broker Brown's boy.

Next week's issue will contain "THE ODDS AGAINST HIM; OR, THE BOY WITH GRIT."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.



## CURRENT NEWS

Between 25,000 and 30,000 muskrats were killed in Wisconsin within ten days, according to the declaration of M. Rosenstein of the La Crosse Fur and Hide Company. The average price for muskrat hides is between 40 and 50 cents, making a total of \$12,500 that has been paid out to Indians and trappers by fur and hide companies of La Crosse. Scores of Indians who live on the west side of the Mississippi are daily procuring checks for as high as \$30 and \$40 for muskrat hides, while many farmers and boys, seeing the possibility of "easy money," temporarily have become trappers.

Indications are that the New York and the Mare Island navy yards will divide two big contracts for naval construction that will give employment to several hundred men for a year or two. The substitution of crude petroleum in large part for coal as the fuel for the new battle-ships has made necessary the construction of a new type of naval auxiliary to supplement the present collier. Congress authorized the construction of two "oilers" not to exceed \$1,140,000 each, to be built at navy yards, and, while the preliminary bids show that the Mare Island yard is prepared to do the work at a lower figure than the New York yard, it is probable that the work will be divided between them. One of the "oilers" is needed on the Atlantic coast, and the Mare Island yard is now about to undertake the construction of the two gunboats "Monocacy" and "Palos," which will probably tax its resources.

The human eye is a fertile field for growing grain, as Jacob Rose, of Greene Township, across the river at Branchville, N. J., well knows. Rose made a start in the direction of extensive oats farming, using his right optic for that purpose, but the experiment became so painful that a doctor removed the seed and left the eye free to exercise again its normal functions. Rose did not know that was going on until the doctor fetched out the oat kernel, sprout and all. The distress had become most intense about the time the sprout began rummaging around the interior of the eyelid in search of a place where it might pierce through to more nourishing soil. The seed flew into his eye when Rose was thrashing oats last summer. It caused him pain at the time, but he could not reach it. After a week or two of half blindness and pain, the irritation died away and he forgot about it. The growth of the seed lately renewed his trouble and he sought the advice of a doctor.

The new South in the last thirty years has made such marvelous progress in industrial development and commercial importance that statistics stagger the mind. History gives no account of recovery from the desolations of war comparable with the South's record. Forty odd years ago men and women in the South were producing barely enough to live on. To-day, for every man, woman and

child, white and black, there is a per capita production of over \$200 a year, and the then bankrupt South has to-day over \$1,000,000,000 deposited in banks, over \$2,100,000,000 invested in manufactures, and a like amount in other property. The combined value of the South's production last year in agriculture, manufactures and mineral output amounted to more than \$6,000,000,000, or over twice as much as the total value of all the slaves in the South when they were demonetized by Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

Frank Chance's Highlanders are homeless. Unless the Giants generously return a compliment to Frank Farrell, the local American League team may be put about somewhat in securing grounds for this season's schedule of games. Farrell's lease of the Hilltop field expires on April 1, so that the present plant will be unavailable unless a new lease is taken. Such a step would incur a tremendous expenditure, for the owners, realizing that Farrell intends to move in the very near future, have asked an exorbitant rental. Farrell is rushing work on his new plant at Broadway and Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. A number of railway spurs have been run into marsh and old creek bed. Within a very short time a great hole will be filled. But there is no chance of field being ready for play before the spring of 1914. As Farrell did not commence operations on this site until after the death of John T. Brush, it is believed that negotiations with the former president of the Giants had been opened with a view to having both local major league teams share the use of the Polo Grounds.

Selling crickets is a lucrative business in Japan, where the insects are valued for their songs and kept in cages like canary-birds. In Tokio there are two wholesale merchants who send their agents into the streets of the large cities. The insects are carried in little bamboo cages. A good seller clears approximately from eighty cents to a dollar a day. An insect valued for its music brings from two to seven cents. The Kusa hibari is the most valuable of all the songsters, but the common cricket and the grasshopper are considered excellent singers. The singers are collected from the fields in September, before laying-time. They are taken from the grass and shut up in glass jars. Soon after they are imprisoned the females lay their eggs and die almost immediately afterward. The jars containing them are kept in a temperature of 80 degrees centigrade. The young come forth in March. The loss of eggs is about ten per cent. The male is the singer; he only is an object of commerce; and from one hundred eggs the cultivator, despite all his care, has only fifty salable insects. The lot of the locust is a martyrdom from birth to death. The locust is the toy of the Japanese child; he is caught on bamboo twigs rubbed with a gluey substance, and tormented according to the ignorance or the cruelty of his keeper. The life of the singing insect never exceeds a term of five weeks.



# THE BOY DIVERS

OR,

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SUNKEN SHIP

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER IV. (Continued)

"Look yonder!"

"What is that?"

"A vessel in the fog!"

The exclamations emanated from the lips of the trio in a chorus.

Like a spectral vision they all three saw the dark, indistinct outlines of a black, schooner-built vessel running in-shore, enshrouded in the heavy mist.

"The black schooner—the mysterious vessel of which we have often heard the fishermen tell!" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes, it must be the strange craft whose secret on this coast no one knows," said old Dan.

"And as I live, she is running straight in shore!" cried Mark.

"She is making for the mouth of a lagoon there!" cried the veteran diver.

"There she goes—out of sight into the swamp! She has made the entrance of Indian lagoon," said Dick.

Even as the lad spoke the mysterious black vessel disappeared as abruptly and completely as if the sea had suddenly engulfed her.

But the next moment, high in mid air, a red light flashed through the fog above the swamp.

"A signal light at the mast head of the black schooner!" exclaimed old Dan.

Mark glanced northward; then he cried out in excited tones, while he pointed up the coast.

"See! See yonder! There is a red light flashing from the tower of Captain Onslow's old coast mansion."

Old Dan and Dick wheeled like a flash.

They saw it was indeed as Mark announced.

But even as they looked at it, the red light in the tower of the old mansion went out, and when they turned and looked again toward the swamp, the crimson light they had discovered above it was no longer visible.

In silence the trio stood for a moment.

Wonderment and expressive surprise were depicted upon all their faces.

"Clearly we have chanced upon a great discovery," were the words with which old Dan broke the silence.

"Yes. There must be a secret understanding between Captain Onslow and the men of the mysterious black schooner," assented Dick, and Mark concurred in his opinion.

The trio went on. Having reached their boats, they un-

moored one of them, loaded it with the articles they had with them, and towing a smaller supply boat after them, pulled away for the sunken ship, little thinking that a terrible peril awaited them there.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE TORPEDO—ONSLow AND THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

The object which the boy divers and their veteran instructor had first to attain, in their researches in the sunken vessel, which was a West India merchantman that had gone down in a storm but a few weeks previously, was to ascertain if the rich cargo she was known to be laden with was yet worth saving.

They had made one descent the preceding day, and located the position of the vessel at the bottom of the sea.

But the perilous and difficult task of exploring the ship below decks yet remained for them.

It is in the interior of submerged vessels that, as all divers are fully aware, the venturesome sea-searchers encountered the greatest dangers.

The cargo is liable to be adrift under hatches. A lurch of the vessel may take place, a door may become jammed shut, imprisoning the under-sea explorer.

These natural accidents have caused the doom of many a brave diver, despite the exercise of all possible caution on his part.

But, as if the perils which from natural causes always surrounded the task of the boy divers and their old comrade were not sufficient, they had now been augmented by the villainy of man.

When the sailor, who was cast up from the wreck of the preceding night, was carried away from old Dan's cabin by Captain Onslow's band, they proceeded to the old coast mansion.

Fortune favored the desire of the villainous band, in their wish to surround their movements with secrecy that night.

On the way to the old coast mansion they encountered no one, and when the mansion was reached, Captain Onslow and his followers were admitted by one of the strange, dark, foreign-looking men, belonging to the retinue of his servants.



The sailor from the wreck was carried into the mansion. Fever and delirium still held sway over his troubled brain, and he was borne to a retired chamber and placed upon a couch.

A great sea chest, such as ship surgeons carry on their voyages, occupied a corner of the room, and opening it, Captain Onslow disclosed a collection of medicine vials, from which he at once proceeded to compound a draught, which he administered to the abducted seaman.

While thus engaged he made the discovery that he had lost his silver match-box, and seemingly much alarmed, he lost no time in dispatching one of his men to look for it.

It was the man alluded to who fired the shot which so nearly struck Mark, in old Dan's cabin. The rascal had an old grudge against the lad. He was a worthless vagabond of Seminole village, who hid his real vocation behind the pretense of gaining a livelihood as an honest fisherman.

The wretch brought Onslow the news that his match-box had been found by Mark.

"This is a bad mishap! Now we shall have old Dan and the two young rascals he has made so much of, after us. They will try to find the man from the wreck!" cried Captain Onslow, upon hearing the report of his emissary.

He paced the room excitedly.

His brows were contracted in lines of thought.

At length he exclaimed:

"The old diver and the two lads know too much for my safety. They will work to baffle me in securing the great treasure of Captain Lynn's sunken ship. I swear they shall not defeat me! The shipwrecked seaman shall tell the gold secret to me alone! The submerged fortune shall be mine! To that end, at the outset, I must seek to rid myself of those who mean to become the obstacle to my success."

Some hours later, Captain Onslow and three of the men who had been his comrades at the cabin of the old diver that night left the coast mansion.

One of the band carried a covered box of considerable size, with the utmost care, and the others seemed rather inclined to avoid a too close contact with him.

Captain Onslow led the way directly to his boat-house, and there the box, handled with great caution, was deposited in a boat, which the quartette entered.

"Now, then, for the sunken ship, where old Dan and the boy divers will, in all likelihood, resume their labors on the morrow," said Captain Onslow.

The four men plied the oars with a will. Already the storm had well-nigh passed. The sea no longer ran high. The boat was not in much danger.

Onwards, through the gloom, rowed the party until they reached the beach, where the diver's boats were drawn up.

Then Captain Onslow set the course for the sunken ship by means of a compass. Evidently, he knew where the divers had located it; for ere long he ordered the boatmen to cease rowing, and said:

"We are over the submerged merchantman now."

Then the box, which has been particularly alluded to, was opened, and the contents, by the light of the ship's lantern in the boat, were revealed to be a cone-shaped

metal object with a wire attached, that terminated in an innocent-looking float, made of a piece of driftwood.

"A submarine torpedo!" exclaimed one of the men, as the infernal, death-dealing machine was exposed to his view.

"Yes, and now I'll set the spring, and we'll lower it down upon the wreck!" replied Captain Onslow.

The foe of the boy divers busied himself for a moment or so with the great torpedo.

Then he gave the order to lower away.

Carefully the metal cone was lifted over the side of the boat and lowered beneath the waves by means of the attached wire.

When it reached bottom the float at the end of the wire was left swimming on the surface.

With an expression of demoniac satisfaction on his face the leader of the night band muttered:

"Now, I'll swear the boy divers and old Dan will never follow us on the ocean trail of the treasure ship. Let a boat once run against the float of the torpedo, and the explosion that will hurl the occupants of the craft into eternity will immediately take place."

Having set the terrible death trap for the brave lads he feared and hated, and their noble old instructor, Captain Onslow and his men rowed back to the old coast mansion.

When morning dawned, Captain Onslow found that the man from the wreck was much improved. His fever was no longer high and his delirium had passed away.

"Where am I?" asked the waif of the wreck, looking up in wonderment at the face of Captain Onslow, who bent above his couch.

"Oh, I remember! We were driven on the rocks. I was dashed among the breakers, bruised and battered on the rocks, and strangled by the rushing, boiling waves. I have been rescued," added the old seaman, before Captain Onslow could respond to his first inquiry.

"Yes. I saved you. You are among friends. You will be well cared for, give yourself no anxiety. I am Captain James Lynn, and you are now in my house."

"Lynn! Did you say your name was Lynn?" and the sailor gave a tremendous start.

"Yes, I said so, and I am a seaman, and I appreciate your condition. I have lost dear ones in wrecks; my only brother, Captain Wayne Lynn, went down in his good ship *The Conqueror*," replied Onslow.

With fiendish cunning he was seeking to lead the sailor to the betrayal of the secret of the lost treasure ship, if such knowledge he possessed.

For the space of a full moment the sailor did not speak. Then he replied, while Captain Onslow leaned forward, eager to catch every word of the weak-voiced utterance:

"My name is Barton Drake. I'm from down East, and, as you have no doubt seen, I am a sailor by trade. The vessel that was wrecked last night was the *Esmeralda*, of New York, homeward bound from Aspinwall."

Captain Onslow was intensely disappointed, but he concealed his feelings as best he could while he went on asking questions about the *Esmeralda*.

(To be Continued)



## FACTS WORTH READING

### SENDING BEES BY PARCELS POST.

Humming away on the farm of Gregory Coleman, a well known apiarist, living seven miles from Ottawa, Kan., a number of bees await the arrival of the rural mail carrier to begin the initial lap of a journey via United States mail to Coleman's son in Alhambra, Cal. The insects were deposited in the sting-proof parcel which is to convey them to their destination. When he learned that Postmaster Waring of the Ottawa Postoffice had received \$1,228.80 worth of the new parcels post stamps from Uncle Sam, Coleman opened negotiations to mail the bees to his son. Waring, however, informed him that the limited office quarters were inadequate to be converted into an apiary, and advised Coleman to wait until morning to buy his stamps. The eight-pound shipment was weighed, and the bee keeper instructed that he would be assessed the maximum rate of 96 cents.

### SAND FOR GLASS MAKING.

The preparation of glass sand has recently become a highly specialized business, and in the middle Mississippi Valley 15 or more thoroughly equipped plants are at present employed. The materials used for glass sand in the central United States, according to the United States Geological Survey, are mainly bedded sandstones, and a complete process of preparation includes quarrying, breaking, crushing and grinding into component grains, screening, washing, draining and final screening to various sizes. Some beds of sandstone are so friable and pure that only blasting down and slight crushing are necessary before the sand is dried and screened.

Many plants, however, wash their sand in the course of preparation, particularly those in Illinois, where hydraulicking is employed to obtain sand from the quarries. Washing doubtless removes, even from high-grade sand, considerable silica in such a fine state as to be detrimental, as well as an appreciable quantity of clay and other undesirable impurities.

### TWO MALE BLACK BEARS BORN IN CENTRAL PARK.

For the first time since the institution of the menagerie in Central Park, New York, the population of animals has been increased by the birth of two black bears. The two cubs were discovered the other day by Keeper Joe Cunningham. Both are males. Their parents are Rose and Bob.

The black bears are in a cage adjoining that of the white polar bears. The first warning Cunningham had that anything unusual had happened was when he noticed great excitement among the polar bears. As the keeper tried to understand the antics he noticed the black bears for the first time, and his attention was attracted to them at a most opportune moment for the cubs; for, just as he discovered them the father, Bob, with evident intent to kill them, rushed upon the babies. The mother turned and

met the male, and for a time the two engaged in a fierce encounter.

Keepers Billy Snyder and Bob Hurton came running up in answer to Cunningham's call, and between them the three men succeeded in separating the fighting bears and removing the menaced cubs from the cage. The young fellows were taken to the hay loft and will be fed on a bottle.

### FIGHTING IN THE ÆGEAN.

Another sea fight between the Greek and Turkish fleets occurred January 18, about thirty miles to the south of the entrance to the Dardanelles. The Greek war vessels attacked the Turkish squadron and forced the Ottoman warships to return to the Dardanelles in disorder. The Turkish flagship is said to have suffered considerably.

The engagement lasted three hours. Only one Greek was wounded, while the Greek warships were not damaged, according to a long dispatch sent by Admiral Countouriotis to the government. The admiral telegraphs:

"All last night the Turkish cruiser Hamidieh, accompanied by a destroyer, carried out a reconnoissance between Tenedos and the Mavro Islands. In the morning the Turkish fleet left the Strait, steaming toward Imbros, then turned toward the southeast of Lemnos and arrived within twenty miles of the northwest of Tenedos.

"The Greek fleet immediately steamed to meet the enemy, consisting of the battleships Kheyr-ed-Din-Barbarossa, Torgut Reis, Messoudieh and Assar-i-Tewfik, the cruiser Hamidieh and thirteen destroyers and torpedo boats. The Greek fleet consisted of the battleships Averoff, Hydra, Spetsal and Psara and eight gunboats and destroyers."

The Governor of Tenedos sends the following:

"The naval fight began at 11:25 a. m. Both sides fought desperately. The Turks, at 12:50, began slowly to retreat. At 1:10 the Turkish battleships were steaming in disorder toward the Strait, firing at long intervals against the Averoff, which was pursuing at a distance of 5,000 metres and rapidly overhauling the enemy.

"The Hamidieh headed the flight. One of the Turkish battleships ceased firing, and was apparently disabled by the fire of the Averoff. The fight ended at 2:30 p. m., when the enemy re-entered the Dardanelles.

"The Barbarossa and Torgut Reis throughout the fight were enveloped in smoke, but they continued to fire slowly. When they entered the Strait they had a list to starboard. The Greek fleet ceased the pursuit when it came within range of the guns of the forts and remained cruising off the entrance."

A dispatch from Admiral Countouriotis says:

"Have beaten the enemy's fleet, which was steaming toward Lemnos, and pursued it almost into the Strait, where it took refuge in disorder. We had only one man slightly wounded. The damage to the Averoff is insignificant and the fighting power of the fleet has not been affected."



# NED, BESS AND MYSELF

OR,

## THE SEARCH FOR THE KING'S LOST GOLD MINE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER VIII (continued).

"Tell you what," said Ned, when quiet was again restored, "this gold of ours is all right, but just now gunpowder is what we want. If we could make a lot and fix up a cannon of some sort we could bombard these black fellows the next time they come at us and give them a surprise that would last them for the rest of their lives."

"That's a good idea," I said. "At any rate, we will need gunpowder for blasting and for getting game, and if we can make it, so much the better."

"I don't want to slaughter these hillmen," said Bess. "If we can frighten them it will be sufficient."

"You can't get any good out of them," said Ned, "and we've got to scare them off. That necessarily means killing a lot of them. That's the only thing they understand."

"Then that takes us back to my first proposition," said I, "and we must have gunpowder and civilize these men."

In a few days we took a large party and went to the cave, where we collected quantities of saltpetre and took it away in sacks made of palm fibre.

There were willow groves on the island and we cut down quantities of trees to use in making charcoal, storing them in a warm, dry place to season.

"Now what we want is sulphur," I said one day, "and the only place I know of where we can get it is on my island, on the volcano. We will, no doubt, find a lot of it in a free state near the crater."

"All right, we'll go there," said Ned, "but you are overlooking one thing. We must have iron to make our cannons of. Where are we going to get it?"

"We'll find it," I said. "The first thing to do is to get ready for our expedition to my island."

We made our preparations, saying that we were going to visit the spirits in the smoking mountain on the other island, but that no harm would come to them as long as they remained true to us, for we found it necessary at times to work upon their superstitions in order to keep them in check.

We set out for the island and long before reaching it saw that the volcano was in eruption again, the smoke being visible for miles.

On landing we were met by my people, who were greatly alarmed on account of the volcano, but I told them that the mountain spirits were merely breathing and that I would go up and quiet them.

Unless the volcano became most active there was no great danger in ascending it, for it would not be necessary to go very near the crater and it was really fortunate that

it was in eruption just then, as we would be more likely to find what we wanted than at any other time.

After a rest of a day, during which time the mountain continued to vomit fire and smoke at regular intervals, we took a large force to clear the way for us and started through the jungle to ascend the mountain.

It was only by reassuring my men that they were in no danger while I was with them that they could be induced to go at all, but at the end of a few hours, finding that no harm came to them, they forgot their fears.

When night came we camped and at sunrise next morning set forth once more on our journey.

We came to a tumbling mountain stream and followed it for some distance, pausing during the forenoon to rest and eat our luncheons, for the march had greatly fatigued us.

Ned and I withdrew a short distance from the camp to a place where there was a fall and a deep pool of water beneath it, and here we enjoyed a bath and a swim in the cool waters of the pool.

Ned wanted a last dive before going back, and while I stood on the bank he dived deep down into the pool, where he remained until I began to be alarmed, although I could see him plainly, the water being so clear.

At last he came up, swam rapidly to shore and then, as he came toward me, held out his hand and cried:

"Look, Art! I have found it at last!"

His open palm was filled with gold dust.

### CHAPTER IX.

IN MANY PERILS.

"I found this at the bottom of the pool," said Ned, "and there must be more above the fall, where it has lodged. This has been carried over during a flood and has lodged in the sand, but above is where we will find the most of it. There is good gold on the island, old chap, just as I have always said, and now we've found it."

He dived again and I went with him, both of us bringing up double handfuls of sand thickly mixed with gold dust.

We washed out the latter and when we rejoined Bess I had a good double handful of it tied up in my handkerchief to show as the result of our excursion.

Ned was for starting a placer mine at the spot at once and getting all the gold we could, but I dissuaded him.



"There will be time enough for that," I said, "and besides, it is likely that there is an enormously rich mine somewhere in the group compared to which a find like this is as nothing."

Leaving the stream, we struck on through the woods and at last came to the track made by the lava in the former eruption, the traces of fire being still very plain.

Following this path we finally left the woods, crossed a gully through which the lava had formerly flowed and then started to climb the black, bare side of the mountain, which puffed out flame and smoke every few minutes.

Up and up a zig-zag course we toiled and when the road became too steep we made some of the men carry Bess on their shoulders, Ned and I walking alongside.

On and on we went, but now and then the wind would blow the smoke toward us and we would be nearly choked by the sulphurous fumes.

We paused on a level platform below the great cone and seven or eight hundred feet from it in a straight line, and took in the magnificent view spread out before us.

Showers of stones and cinders fell about the crater, and many huge, glowing masses rolled down the precipitous sides, but fortunately not in our direction.

Here and there we could see that the surface was colored quite yellow, and upon proceeding a short distance we came to a decided dip in the ground, which we had not before noticed, where there was so much free sulphur that it lay about in great hunks.

Every now and then puffs of steam would spurt up and as I descended the side of the basin I felt the ground tremble distinctly.

"Be careful, Ned," I said. "You can't tell at what moment this crust may give way. Better scatter the men and not have too many at one spot."

The men were visibly alarmed, and I knew that if anything happened we could not depend upon them for an instant, for they were ready to flee at the slightest danger.

We had brought bags with us and Ned and I at once directed the men to gather up the lumps of sulphur, and as fast as a bag was filled, take it away.

Once a man, in tugging at a larger lump than usual, opened a fissure in the crust, causing steam and foul smelling vapors to escape, at which he turned and fled in a great fright and could not be induced to return.

It was dangerous work, for the fumes were likely to come about one at any moment, and so Ned and I kept the men moving, changing the gangs frequently and even sending a man back when he had worked a few minutes.

I watched the crater as well as the men, for I knew the mountain was capable of any treachery and one could never be certain when a stream of burning, seething lava might come rushing upon him.

The puffs were becoming more frequent as well as more violent, and soon I noticed the strange, stifling stillness about the air which I had noticed before, and I said to Ned:

"Come. I dare not stay longer. Get the men together and start them down. If I am not mistaken we will have another fierce eruption before long."

Ned called to the men to desist and to take their loads

down the mountain, the line being at once formed, we three following in the rear.

We had scarcely left the level platform I have mentioned when there was a terrific explosion, a column of flame and smoke a hundred feet high shot up from the mountain top and streams of lava began running down the steep sides in all directions.

Then the crust in the little basin cracked in a hundred places and smoke and steam poured out from them, and I was glad indeed that I had been warned in time and had left the place.

Fortunately, there was no lava stream flowing toward us, but stones were falling in all directions and others seemed to roll in our very path.

Both Ned and I called to the men not to be frightened and to keep together, but it was not an easy matter to control them and we three, Ned and I assisting Bess, had to get over the ground rapidly in order to keep up with them.

I was glad that Bess had always been so good a walker, for otherwise we would have been obliged to carry her and then the natives would have escaped from us.

We reached the shelter of the woods at last, but it was not much of one, for many of the trees were on fire and we presently reached the little gully to find a flood of red-hot lava at the bottom and no way to get across.

The men were running up and down, chattering and gesticulating, and I saw at once that something must be done without delay.

We might make a detour, but it was shorter by the way we came, and even moments might be precious just then.

I suddenly remembered a trick I had once seen in a circus, though why I should have remembered it at such a time I cannot tell, and I immediately determined to put the idea in practice.

I immediately called up a dozen of my men, separated them into three groups of four each, and quickly explained what I wished them to do.

One man in each group stood firmly on the brink and the others climbed to his shoulders and then up as a living tower increased in height.

The men locked their legs and arms together, their heads out, and then at a signal the whole tower fell, the undermost man being held by his companions, the uppermost man seizing a tree trunk on the opposite bank.

The four living towers fell at the same time and there was a human bridge, broad and strong and safe for any one to cross upon.

Ned, Bess and myself hurried over and then I called to others to follow quickly.

When I had twenty or more men on my side of the gully I quickly directed them to break down and uproot the trees and throw them rapidly across the chasm, close to the human bridge.

There were trees on this side and there had been none to speak of on the other, and as the men worked rapidly and with a great deal of energy, a rude bridge was soon thrown across the gully.

Then those who were still on the opposite side, assisted by some on our side, aided the men of the human bridge to reach the other and all hurried over to our side.

(To be Continued)



## FROM ALL POINTS

Mrs. John Cummins, of Woburn, Mass., is a woman of grit and enterprise. She is the owner and manager of one of the largest farms in New England. She cultivates 400 acres, disposes of the milk from twenty-six cows, keeps two stalls in the Boston market, and raises 2,000 hogs a year.

Three hundred and fifty Mohammedan pilgrims from India to Mecca were drowned at Suakim, Egypt, January 22, by a flood which overwhelmed the entire caravan at its encampment midway between the sacred city of Medina, Arabia, and the port of Yembo, on the Red Sea. A sudden avalanche, accompanied by great torrents of water, swept down the mountain in the neighborhood of the camp, carrying away in its path people, animals and tents.

An escaped convict's efforts to see his mother, who was reported to him to be dying, led to his capture at Worth, Ill. Tony Landers, one of the trio who broke jail at Joliet penitentiary, was the man captured. He said he had left his companions not more than ten minutes before, and the posse which took Landers went on to seek the others, William Dunne and Frank Thompson. Landers was overtaken in a cornfield after a farmer had notified the police.

Colima Volcano, Mexico, is in violent eruption and residents of several towns and villages near the mountain are in flight, fearing death. The big crater is throwing out enormous quantities of lava, sand, ashes, and poisonous gases. No persons have met death, although hundreds of cattle and other animals have been killed. Hundreds of refugees arrived at Guadalajara, January 21, on a train composed of box cars. The fleeing people had found it necessary to shovel away a quantity of volcanic sand before they were able to move the cars. The last eruption of Colima occurred in 1903.

President-elect Wilson said at Trenton, N. J., January 15, that he had invited Colonel George W. Goethals, the Panama Canal builder, to confer with him at his office here. The President-elect's announcement that he would confer with Colonel Goethals is believed to be an indication that he will name him as Governor-General of the Canal Zone after his inauguration. President Taft sent Colonel Goethal's name to the Senate for confirmation as Governor-General, but withdrew it when Senator Brandegee informed him that the Democratic Senators intended to block confirmation. At the time Governor Wilson hotly denied that the Democratic Senators were acting in accordance with his wishes.

William C. J. Kelley, a well-known follower of athletics, who some years ago took up his residence in London, and later went to Australia, is again in this country on a visit. Before his travels are ended he will have circuted the world. Now in business in Sydney, he

states that the Australians are close observers of everything connected with sport in the United States, and when in San Francisco he attempted to close a deal whereby four of the best athletes on the coast would make a trip to the land of the kangaroo. The men named were Ralph Rose, Fred Kelley, Clarence S. Edmundson, and Ira Courtney, the first two of whom were winners at the Olympic games. It is stated that a fund of \$5,000 will be subscribed if they conclude to make the trip. Richard Coombes, the James E. Sullivan of Australia, is especially desirous that the Americans show the Australians their abilities in their given lines, as he thinks their appearance will give a great impetus to amateur sport in that country.

When the Ward liner *Saratoga* arrived at Quarantine, New York, recently from Havana with seventy cabin passengers and mails from Havana, the captain reported that the vessel had collided with a manatee off the Florida coast and had to go astern to clear it. The manatee or cowfish, as it is called by sailors, fouled the stem of the *Saratoga* and was such an immense mass that the chief officer, George Dollar, was lowered over the bows in a bo'sun's chair with an axe to cut it adrift, but failed. The engines were reversed and put full speed astern as a final resort. The fish was described as being about eleven feet long, black in color, and weighing several tons. One of the officers of the *Saratoga* said that it was a rare occurrence to see a manatee off the Florida coast from the deck of a steamship, as it was so timid that the slightest noise disturbed it. The last he saw was at Zanzibar, East Africa, he said, where the Sultan had one of the huge mammals moored close to the palace so that he and his harem could go off in the royal barge and use it as an island when the mercury went above 120 degrees in the shade ashore.

Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, has established a bureau of efficiency, under the jurisdiction of the operating department of the road, to be in charge of George E. Slade, third vice-president. The chief purposes of the bureau will be to promote the welfare of the patrons and employees of the company, to effect greater efficiency in operation, to raise the standard of individual and departmental work, and for a greater degree of dispatch and safety in the performance of the functions of the company. An official circular regarding its organization says: "The superintendent of each division will act as the local representative of the bureau, to whom employees will offer suggestions and report conditions and practices with respect to which the bureau can play its part in effecting improvement. Employees are requested to confer freely on all subjects and to make suggestions for the improvement of the service, or in working conditions as they now exist." Emphasis is laid on the idea that every employee ought to feel a personal interest in the movement for the benefit, not alone of the patrons of the road, but of themselves and families.



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## ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

The first motorcycle "century" of the new year was made by Iver Phillips and Jere Miller, of Minneapolis. As midnight was striking on New Year's eve these two plucky motorcyclists headed into the open country, regardless of the cold and a foot of snow, and chugged away for Red Wing. The distance for the round trip was 104 miles. They made it, under trying conditions, in six hours.

A "dry" inauguration would mark President-elect Wilson's induction into office if a petition presented in the Senate January 22, by Senator Gallinger on behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is favorably acted on by Congress. The petition urges the closing of all saloons in the national capital on March 4. Further action by Congress will be necessary if President-elect Wilson desires to have a public reception in the Capitol or any other government building as a substitute for the inaugural ball, to which he is opposed.

An increase in capitalization from \$5,000,000 to \$40,000,000 is being planned by Montgomery Ward & Co., to meet the requirements of the establishment of its extensions in New York, San Francisco and other cities. The new stock will be offered to the amount of \$25,000,000 through a banking syndicate, and the remaining \$15,000,000 will be held by the present owners of the business. About 300 employees from the Chicago establishment will be transferred to the New York house. Superintendent Thorne, of the Chicago plant, will become general manager of the New York store.

A novel way of mountain climbing is provided in the new electric suspended railway up the Kohlererberg, in the Tyrolese Mountains. The suspension cables, 5,400 feet in length, are carried on twelve steel supports, and two cars each accommodating fifteen passengers and the driver are operated, one being hauled up the hill by duplicate traction cables while the other is descending. Complete safety appliances are provided, and a magnificent view is opened out as the car rides steadily and smoothly up the 2,760 feet from the Eisack in thirteen minutes.

It is a curious fact that the precise nature of the mud which is formed at the bottom of the sea has been only

recently determined. It is found, on analysis, to consist of organic matter, more or less decomposed, interspersed with minute round bodies about sixteen one-hundredths of an inch in diameter. These bodies have been called coccospheres and coccolites, and are so set in the mud as to resemble mosaic work. Some of these look under the microscope like thick watch glasses. Immense numbers of minute shells are also found. The mud is excessively sticky, being rendered so by minute pellets of a jellylike consistency. These pellets are dotted all over their surfaces, and are found to contain great numbers of granules, from one-four-thousandth to one-twenty-thousandth of an inch in diameter; they are, undoubtedly, organic in their character, forming, perhaps, one of the representatives of the assumed ground between plants and animals.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

"Haven't found your dog yet, I hear?" asked Smith of his neighbor Jones. "No," answered Jones, ruefully. "Well, have you advertised?" asked Smith. "What's the use?" said Jones; "the dog can't read."

Mrs. Pokernose—This paper speaks about the political atmosphere. What is meant by "political atmosphere?" Professor Pokernose—It's composed of oxygen, nitrogen, hot air and campaign cigar smoke.

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now? Mackintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin'; and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.

"And when Delilah cut Samson's hair he became mild as a lamb. Can you understand it?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Well," said little Tommy, reflectively, "it does make you feel 'shamed when a woman cuts your hair."

"Do you act towards your wife as you did before you married her?" "Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."

A farmer, while loading hay in his field, was attacked by his neighbor's bulldog. The man defended himself with the pitchfork and sent the dog yelping home. The neighbor rebuked him and asked why he didn't use the blunt end of the fork first. "I would have," replied the farmer, "if your dog had come at me blunt end first."

Two Marylanders, who were visiting the National Museum at Washington, were seen standing in front of an Egyptian mummy, over which hung a placard bearing the inscription "B. C. 1187." Both visitors were much mystified thereby. Said one: "What do you make of that, Bill?" "Well," said Bill, "I dunno; but maybe it was the number of the motor car that killed him."



## THE YELLOW HAND.

By Alexander Armstrong.

"Oh, please, missus! Oh, please don't let him do it! He'll kill me, missus! He has me back all cut to pieces now! Oh, please, missus, please!"

The boy, homely, ragged, dirty and forlorn, clung to my skirts desperately, daubing my unfortunate Newmarket with bread and molasses, but, bless you, I hadn't the heart to push him away, for he was not more than five years old at the most, and looked so much like my sister Susie's little Tom, who died, that I believe I could have fought that horrid Italian—actually fought with my fists, I mean, just as men do in many a worse cause than mine.

"Keep off!" I shouted. "Keep off, you beast! Lay a hand on this child if you dare! I am able for you—do you see?"

He was close to me, the monster! His hand was raised to strike either the boy or me—it matters not which. That was the reason I shouted as I did.

"You villain!" I cried. "Don't you do it! Don't you do it!"

He drew back, growled out something and darted round the corner. I knew the reason in an instant, for Officer Regan came hurrying up behind me.

"Faith, an' ye've had a narrow escape, Miss Lovelace!" he exclaimed. "That Eytalian was a bad one. He meant murder, so he did. I saw it on his face. What's the muss, anyhow? Is it about the bye?"

Yes, it was about the boy, but just then I was thinking of something else.

It was the hand which had been raised to strike me, a hand as yellow as if it had been gilded.

I turned to the boy and asked his name.

"Archie Grace," he lisped. "I used to live in Harlem, but my mamma died and then there was only Mr. Stephani. Oh, he's an awful bad man, missus. He beats me like anything, he does. Say, missus, won't you let me go and live with you?"

"Why, no, Archie, I can't very well do that," I answered, "but if I can help it Mr. Stephani shan't get you again."

"Take him around to the station," I said to Officer Regan. "I'll call in the morning and see what can be done for the child. I'm in a tremendous hurry just now."

And so I was, for I had been sent on a case, and was already late, when I happened to run against the Italian and little Archie on Mulberry street, within a stone's throw of the Central Office.

A few minutes later and I was on the Third avenue elevated road, being hurried uptown, bound for the house of a Mrs. Packer, or, rather, it had been her house, for Mrs. Packer was just deceased, and her nephew, Ralph Gordon, was the person I expected to find in charge.

A word now about myself, and after that there need be no hindrance to my story.

I am Miss Arabella Lovelace; my profession is that of a female detective.

One resolution, taken at the very beginning of my detective career, I have always faithfully adhered to.

On whatever case I am assigned I go without question.

In this instance I had been ordered to report to Mr. Ralph Gordon at eight o'clock, and at the appointed hour to the minute I was there.

I found the Packer mansion an old, rambling frame structure, located near the banks of the Harlem. The precise street I prefer not to give.

Mr. Gordon met me in the parlor after a moment, and the instant my eyes rested upon the man I took a dislike to him.

He was a middle-aged person, sleek and smooth-shaven, with a great, round, bald head and little, mean eyes, which seemed to look at you, through you and all around you, as though he were trying to penetrate your inmost thoughts.

"Ahem! So you are Miss Lovelace, the female detective?" he began, slowly. "You are prompt. It is but just eight o'clock."

"I am always prompt, sir," I replied, returning his bow.

"Very good. Punctuality is a great virtue. Be seated, Miss Lovelace, and I will proceed to inform you of the purpose for which I have requested your presence in this house."

He cleared his throat and interlocked his fingers, resting the hands upon his knees.

"Your duties, Miss Lovelace, will be simple. You are here under the guise of a newly engaged housekeeper. I think you will be able to play that role?"

"I ought to. I have only played it about a hundred and fifty times before," I replied.

"Very good—very—good. You are then probably familiar with it. Now for the object. It is to discover a missing will."

"Meaning the will of Mrs. Packer?"

"Meaning the will of Mrs. Packer, my deceased aunt. Understand me, I do not know that there is a will. I am not at all certain that there ever was one. On the other hand, there may be; in which case, I desire to know it. You follow me, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"My deceased aunt was a peculiar woman, Miss Lovelace. In fact, I may say, a very peculiar woman. One of her peculiarities was a faculty of quarreling with every one—why, she even quarreled with me!"

"I'm sure I should quarrel with you if we were together twenty-four hours," I thought, but I said nothing aloud.

"She died, leaving an estate valued at \$2,000,000," continued Mr. Gordon. "For twenty years she had been a widow. There was one child, a daughter, who married against her mother's wishes some six or seven years ago. My aunt turned her out promptly and never saw her afterward. Later the poor thing died, leaving me the sole heir-at-law to my aunt's estate."

"Did she die childless?" I asked.

To my surprise the question seemed to throw him into a passion.

"Of course she did!" he cried. "Who says she didn't? There was a child, but that died, too, and I can prove it. Be good enough to confine yourself to the business for which I have engaged you, Miss Lovelace. These are matters with which you have no concern."

"I beg your pardon!" I said, hastily, for I had no wish to quarrel.



"As I was saying, my aunt may have left a will," he continued, more mildly. "She was found dead in her bed, and no one knows what she did or did not do; for years before her death she would admit nobody into the house, and lived alone with her three female servants. There was a man called in to do rough work at times, but with this exception no one ever entered her doors."

"Are the servants still in the house?"

"Yes."

"Do they know whether Mrs. Packer made a will or not?"

"Precisely what I want you to find out before the funeral takes place. You must question them and learn what they know."

"When is the funeral to be?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"It is a short time to work in. May I suggest that I had better go about it at once?"

To this he made no objection, but impressed upon me that I was to bring the will instantly to him in case I should be so fortunate as to find it, and ten minutes later I found myself in charge of three Irish women of uncertain age, who regarded me with looks of suspicion and dislike.

"This has either got to be a quick case or I shall have no case at all," I thought. "To attempt to make friends with these women under the circumstances is absurd. I certainly ought not to have undertaken it, and unless matters look brighter to-morrow, I shall give it up."

I sat there for nearly an hour, and was just thinking about retiring when Mr. Gordon suddenly entered the kitchen and asked me if I would like to help him look for the will.

Of course, I said yes, and until after midnight we searched in old Mrs. Packer's sitting-room, adjoining which was the bedroom where the corpse had been laid out.

Together we ransacked drawers, closets, cupboards and every imaginable place, with not a few in which I should never have imagined that any one would dream of hiding a will—under the bottom of stuffed chairs, the interior of feather beds and other ridiculous places.

At last we gave it up and I returned to the kitchen, for a bed had been made up for me on the same floor.

Mr. Gordon retired to the library, which opened from the same passage as my room, where he proposed to attend to some writing, so he informed me.

Such was the situation at midnight. I was just thinking of lying down upon the bed when all at once I heard a noise.

It was a very strange noise.

To my ears it sounded like a board splitting. It seemed to come from the kitchen, as near as I could make out, but on looking into that room and seeing nothing wrong, I returned to my bedside and sitting down, waited just as if I were expecting something, though why I did this I'm sure I do not know.

After about ten minutes I heard another noise.

I caught up the candle and glided into the kitchen.

Just then the noise was repeated.

It came from the laundry beyond the kitchen door.

I stole into the laundry on tiptoe, and no sooner had I entered than a strange sight met my gaze.

There was a big copper boiler set in brickwork on the other side of the room, and what I saw was a hand coming up out of the floor—a yellow hand!

There was the hand—the yellow hand—pulling away the bricks beneath the boiler and pushing them out of the way around the corner, one by one.

I understood what had happened at a glance.

The owner of the yellow hand had entered the cellar by the outside door and forced up the piece of board so as to get at the bricks.

Could I doubt that the hand belonged to the man Stephani?

Breathless I watched him, but it was only to see brick after brick removed.

Placing the candle upon the floor, wondering as I did so if he could see the light, or whether he was outside a partition which I had observed near the cellar door when I went the rounds before closing up for the night, I braced one hand against the wall, and bending down cautiously, stretched the other out.

In one second I had seized the yellow hand—seized it just as it closed upon a folded paper of legal appearance which lay in the opening made by removing the bricks.

I held on in spite of the struggles of the yellow hand, screaming with all my might, until Mr. Gordon came rushing in to my relief.

"I've found the will!" I cried. "Get a rope! Help me! Tie it! Quick!"

"Tie what? Are you mad?"

"Tie the yellow hand!"

He flew away, but was back in a moment.

I was still holding on.

He tied the yellow hand, and then forcing open the fingers tore the paper away.

Meanwhile he had sounded the burglar alarm.

"It is my aunt's will," he breathed, opening it by the candle's light. "Ten thousand furies! Cut me off with a shilling—leaves all to the boy, Archie Grace! Thank heaven, the brat is dead and I'm his heir. It amounts to the same thing as though all were left to me."

\* \* \* \* \*

But it didn't amount to the same thing at all, for I happened to know that the boy, Archie Grace, still lived.

The police came and captured the owner of the yellow hand.

As I had supposed, he proved to be the Italian, Stephani. It afterward turned out that he was the man who had been in the habit of doing rough work about Mrs. Packer's kitchen.

He confessed that he saw her hide the will there early one morning shortly before her death.

Also he confessed that he had taken Archie Grace after his mother's death, hoping to wring money from Mrs. Packer.

I told what I heard Ralph Gordon say, and that settled it.

The ragged urchin whom I left at the station-house proved to be a millionaire twice over, and Gordon never got a cent.

Last week Archie turned twenty-one, and came into his fortune.



## GOOD READING

While there was an increase of 135 in the number of vessels of all classes constructed in the United States during 1912, there was a notable decrease in the total tonnage, according to the report of the Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce and Labor. During the year 1,727 vessels were constructed with a total tonnage of 292,477, while figures for 1911 show that 1,592 vessels were constructed of 309,640 tons. Steam steel vessels showed a decrease in 1912 over 1911, while steam wooden vessels showed an increase.

The controversy over foreign mission figures has been adjusted, and it became known recently that America beats all the rest of the world in gifts to the heathen, so called, in larger measure than had been supposed. The adjustment came as part of the conference of foreign mission workers held in New York during the last few days. Experts report that America last year gave \$17,317,000. This is \$4,500,000 more than the previous year, and makes America beat its nearest competitor, Great Britain, by more than \$7,000,000. The new committee having charge of these statistics claims 1,163,419 Christians as actual members of churches in foreign fields supported by American money, or, rather, fostered by it, and in public and private schools 1,800,000 pupils.

A machine that can lay three miles of track a day is being used in the construction of the Excelsior Springs division of the Kansas City, Clay County & St. Joseph Railway. It is to be transferred to the thirty-three miles of unfinished track between Kansas City and St. Joseph as soon as the four-mile trackless gap between Kansas City and Excelsior Springs is finished. The tracklayer travels on the track it lays. The men who control the machine stand in the engine house, and lay the track by jerking certain levers. Behind the engine house the material trains follow close and feed the ties and steel rails to the tracklayer. The ties are carried forward along a projecting arm by a belt conveyer. They are dropped in the right places and the rails are carried forward and set true to the gauge. Men follow and attach fishplates, and put in enough spikes to keep the rails from spreading as the tracklayer moves forward. The rails are spiked fast after the tracklayer has passed.

John R. Wilmot, scientist, author, inventor and promoter, who recently was paroled from the Joliet penitentiary after serving five and a half years of a seven-year sentence on the charge of forgery, is in the county jail here awaiting a formal order from Washington, ordering his deportation to England. Wilmot, who is said to hold degrees from English universities, was arraigned before Dr. Percy L. Prentiss, immigration inspector. His presence in this country was held to be undesirable and his deportation was ordered. While in the penitentiary Wilmot is said to have laid the foundation for several inventions of value, one being a gas machine and another a smoke

consumer. Being a convict, he could not patent them, but he planned to float a company as soon as he was paroled. When he stepped from the penitentiary door he was arrested. The main point against him was said to be his criminal record. In England he is said to have been known under the alias of "Tom Crawshaw."

English rivals to the Cornell girl student whose proportions approach those of the Venus de Milo are daily increasing in number. The latest discovery is a young woman whose measurements, it is asserted, are identical with those of the famous statue but for a slight difference in ankle and calf. The possessor of this perfect figure is so modest that she prefers to be known as "Miss X," but it is understood that she is well known in the social world and belongs to one of the best-known families in Scotland. Mrs. Porter Bailey, an artist, has taken her measurements, which are as follows: Height, 5 feet 4 inches; head, 21.3 inches; neck, 12.5; chest, 23; bust, 37; waist, 26; hips, 38; thigh, 22.5; calf, 13.7; ankle, 8; knee, 15; upper arm, 12.5; forearm, 9.5, and wrist, 5.9. The measurements of the Venus de Milo as taken by those who measured the statue in the Louvre years ago are the same as those given, except that the ankle and calf are 7.4 and 13.2 inches, respectively. "Miss X," whose age is 21, has, according to Mrs. Bailey, a perfect skin and beautifully molded and rounded limbs. "Miss X" says that she has no fads regarding diet, and does a few little exercises when she rises in the morning. Knowing that she had a good figure she placed herself under the care of a physical culturist in order to be properly developed.

The drawing for the \$300,000 prize in the exhibition lottery, which will probably be the last lottery authorized by the Italian Government, took place in Rome, January 15. It was performed in the presence of the mayor, the minister of finance, members of the Municipality Exhibition Committee, and an enormous crowd, which included 1,000 English and American visitors. A large proportion of the tourists, visiting Italy in the last three years, had bought tickets in the lottery, consequently the interest in the drawing assumed an international character. The lucky number was 2,594,836. While Signor Bobbio, the notary, was examining the urns, which contained the tickets, he fell down in a fit. Immediately superstitious spectators cried, "Throw him out." They feared he possessed the evil eye. An hour's delay ensued before order was restored, and the services of another notary was obtained. Finally the extraction of tickets from the two urns began. This was done by two blindfolded orphan children. The announcement of the winning number was received with cheers, although the holder of the ticket probably lives in Northern Italy, where that particular series of tickets was sold. Several thousand tickets for the lottery were lost with the Titanic, having been purchased by Italians living in America.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### ENGLAND SCARED AGAIN.

England is perturbed by news of another mysterious and presumably German airship traveling over the country January 21. This time the vessel was sighted at Cadiff, South Wales, and, according to the sole witness, Captain Lindsay, chief constable of Glamorganshire, it was passing at the time in a westerly direction.

It will be recalled that before dawn on January 4 an airship was seen flying over Dover from the sea in a north-easterly direction. About the same time attention was directed to the fact that lights had been seen in the sky at night over the Bristol Channel, which were believed to be those of an airship going in a westerly direction.

### PARCEL POST IS BOOMING.

The number of parcel post stamps printed and distributed is 339,500,000. Before January 1, when the service was established, 153,292,455 stamps were issued. In the first three weeks of the system's operation 186,287,545 stamps have been supplied, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is being forced to print stamps at the rate of 12,000,000 a day.

The value of the parcel post stamps distributed is \$18,011,120. Chicago received 46,000,000 stamps, valued at \$2,673,000, and leads all other cities. St. Louis was second, with 15,200,000 stamps, valued at \$930,000; New York City third, with 15,000,000 stamps, valued at \$700,000; Philadelphia fourth, with 6,000,000 stamps, valued at \$379,000, and Boston fifth, with 3,000,000 stamps, valued at \$125,000. These five cities received 85,200,000 stamps, with a value of \$4,895,000.

### TRACING NAVY GRAFT.

Graft in the selling of supplies to the Navy Department, as disclosed by the investigation by the Department of Justice and naval authorities, may extend to officers beyond the grade of stewards, according to statements made by officials at Washington, January 22.

Conspiracy among contractors furnishing food supplies to the navy is alleged, and the inquiry has been directed along this line. There is a suspicion that the contractors at the various stations, including New York, Newport, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities, are in a conspiracy to exact the highest possible prices for inferior supplies. Such a system of graft among contractors for other work has been discovered, and it is regarded as highly probable that the same method of fleecing Uncle Sam is employed in furnishing supplies for the navy.

### WANT MILITIA "FLIERS."

An aviation corps of the National Guard, New York, is proposed in a bill which Assemblyman Cuvillier, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, is preparing for early introduction. Mortimer Delano, secretary of the Aero Club of America, has submitted a proposed formation for the corps. It calls for a battalion of three flying squadrons, the first to consist of six aeroplanes, three bi-

planes and three monoplanes; the second to include two hydro-aeroplanes, and the third one aeroplane. The battalion would be officered with a major, adjutant, quartermaster, surgeon and buglers. Each squadron would be in command of a captain-pilot, with the necessary lieutenant-pilots and other officers and privates.

The usual National Guard maneuvers are to be abandoned this year. Instead, the military authorities purpose to establish at Peekskill officers' camps of instruction for the 1st and 2d brigades and the other branches of the service, including field artillery, cavalry, signal corps and medical corps. Camps of instruction for the 3d and 4th brigades are to be established at points convenient to their home stations.

Major General O'Ryan submitted a report to Governor Sulzer, in which he states that on September 30 last there were 16,519 officers and men in the guard, an increase of 819 over the preceding year.

After having spent nearly \$450,000 on the Blauvelt State rifle range, in Rockland County, the State proposes to abandon it. Residents of South Nyack complained last summer that stray bullets from the range were finding their way into the village. It is planned to locate the range where the bullets will strike the side of a mountain, and to turn the present property over to the Palisades Park Commission.

### PRINCESS'S DOG BITES HOTEL MAN.

Princess Louise of Belgium, daughter of the Late King Leopold, has just been ordered to pay a hotel official here \$60 damages "for allowing her bulldog to bite the complainant, thus considerably diminishing the value of his person," as the French law quaintly puts it. In effect the victim considered that the value of his person had been reduced exactly \$1,000, but the judge fixed a much smaller figure.

She has developed into a chronic litigant and is now wholly absorbed in her latest suit for an inheritance.

Princess Louise began her second action against the Belgian state over her father's millions at Brussels on November 25. The case is expected to last months, and if, as a year ago, the princess again loses, she proposes to take the case finally to the Supreme Court at Gotha, in which state her father sank most of his money. The princess is now in a worse condition financially than she has ever been. Her principal source of income has vanished with a round table decision of the leading continental money-lenders, who have all been victimized, not to lend her or her lover, Mattachich, another cent. The princess inherited a million and a quarter dollars from her father in 1909, and over a million of this was paid off in debts. In the past three years, it has now come to light, this strange couple have contracted debts in excess of \$3,000,000. Mattachich is referred to as the more extravagant of the two.

To her ever-pressing creditors the princess, now a white-haired old lady, smilingly announces that she is worth every penny she owes—just \$3,000,000.



## THE SURPRISE FOUNTAIN PEN

A novelty of the greatest merit! It looks just like a genuine fountain pen. But it isn't. That's where the joke comes in. If you take off the cover, a nice, ripe, juicy lemon appears. Then you give the friend you lend it to the merry "ha-ha." You might call it an everlasting joke because you can use it over and over again. Price, by mail, postpaid, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nu se it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

## THE LITTLE GEM TELEPHONE.



The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the

money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## THE TOM-TOM DRUM.



Hold the drum in one hand and with the thumb of the other resting against the side of the drum manipulate the drumstick with the fingers of the same hand (as indicated in the cut). With practice it is possible to attain as great skill as with a real drum. The movable sounding board can be adjusted for either heavy or light playing. They are used extensively in schools for marching.

Price, 10c. each, delivered free.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

## RARE POSTAGE STAMPS.



Our packages are the best, as each contains at least 2 rare ones, worth the price of the whole lot. Start a collection. In time it will grow very valuable. Every known variety of foreign and domestic stamps in these packages. Fifty varieties for 5 cents; one hundred, 10 cents; two hundred, 20 cents; three hundred, 35 cents; five hundred, \$1.25; one thousand, \$3.25; two thousand, \$18.00; 1,000 mixed lot, 25 cents. All in good condition and worth twice the amount we ask.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you barrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle

and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid  
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

## RAPID CIGARETTE MAKER.



This little article should be in the pocket of every smoker. With it a perfect cigarette can be made in ten seconds. You will find them equal in appearance and far superior in quality to commercial ones, at less than a quarter of the cost. With our cigarette maker in your possession, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette at pleasure, as it's just as easy to roll a cigarette as to fill a pipe. Every part of the cigarette maker is handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 15c., or \$ for 40c. by mail, postpaid.

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Sure Fire  
Accuracy  
Penetration

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8-OLD COINS WANTED—\$ \$1.75 Paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters and 5¢ without arrows. CASH premiums paid on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1896 and send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. Get Posted and make money easy. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 21, Le Roy, N. Y.

## THE BOO-BOO CARD



Here is an innocent, and very laughable practical joke. It consists of a card, postal size, blackened on one side, except a white circle in the center. On the other is an interesting sentence,

printed in spiral form, so that one has to keep turning the card around and around in order to read it. The turning of the card causes the dark side to blacken the reader's fingers.

Price 10 cents each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

## LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK



This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he

calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

## THE MAGIC WALLET



Lots of fun can be had with it, puzzling people, while being used in a practical way to carry bank bills, letters, invoices, etc. Open with the straight bands on the left, lay a bill on top of bands, close wallet; open to the left, and the bill will be found under the crossed bands. Close wallet, open to the right, and the bill will be found under straight bands. How did it get there? That's the question. Price, 12 cents each, postpaid.

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The Remington-UMC cubs make a find

I will send as long as they last my 25c book

## STRONG ARMS

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Illustrated with 20 full-page, half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands, without any apparatus.

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I will be pleased to answer any question on developing or reducing any other part of your body, without additional charge.

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Established 28 years in New York City



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FACTORY PRICES are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$6.

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1-Book on Magic, 2-Book on Magic, 3-Book on Toy Making, 4-Book on Courtship, 5-Base Ball Book, 6-Dream Book & Fortune Teller, 7-Book Letter Writer, 8-Cook Book, 9-Home Entertainer, 10-White Slave Story Book. All the above by mail for 10 cents. Address: D. E. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

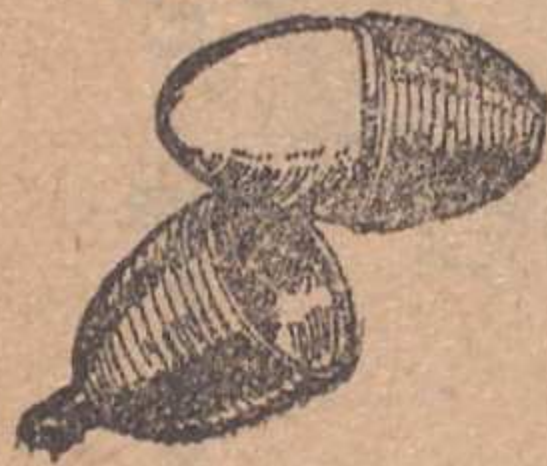


#### FOUR WEEKS (A LOUD BOOK).



Has the absolute and exact shape of a book in cloth. Upon the opening of the book, after having it set up according to directions furnished, a loud report similar to that of a pistol-shot will be heard, much to the amazement and surprise of the victim. Caps not mailable; can be bought at any toy store. Price, 65c. by mail, postpaid.

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**VANISHING AND RE-APPEARING EGG.**—Very fine, easy to perform and it produces a marvelous and mystifying effect. Egg is made to appear and vanish right before the eyes. Beautifully made.

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#### LITTLE RIP'S TEN-PINS.



In each set there are ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornamented box. With one of these miniature sets you can play ten-pins on your dining-room table just as well as the game

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**The Bottle Imp.**—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so.

This trick affords great amusement, and is of convenient size to carry about. Price, 10c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.



Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke.

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#### THE SWIMMING FISH



Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation goldfish, about 4 1/2 inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it

in a natural position, the lower fin is ballasted with lead. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, and the machinery inside causes the tail to wiggle, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until it is recovered, and it can then be rewound. Races between two of these fishes are very interesting. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



**THE SPOTTER, OR THE EDUCATED DIE.**—The performer exhibits a die. The Ace of Spades and five cards are now taken from a pack. The Ace of Spades is thoroughly shuffled with the other cards, which are then placed face down in a row on

the table. The die is now thrown, and as if embodied with superhuman intelligence, the exact position of the Ace is indicated. Without touching the die, the performer picks up the cards, gives them a complete shuffle and again spreads them out. The die is rolled as before by any person, and is seen to come to a stop with the locating number uppermost. The card is turned over and found to correspond in position. Price, 15c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It

will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

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#### GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickle plated brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

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#### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it

comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

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**SPIRIT SLATE-WRITING.**—No trick has ever puzzled the scientists more and created a greater sensation than the famous spirit-writings which appear between sealed slates which have freely been shown cleaned, carefully tied together and given to a spectator to hold. These spirits answer questions. Sold by us complete, slates and secret. No chemical used. Price, 75c.

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#### THE FLUTTER-BY.



This mechanical flying machine is worked by a new principle. It looks like a beautiful butterfly, about 9 inches wide. In action its wing movements are exactly like

those of a live butterfly. It will travel through the air about 25 feet, in the most natural manner. As flying toys are all the rage, this one should be a source of profit and amusement to both old and young. Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

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**MAGIC CARD BOX.**—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



#### THE PRINCESS OF YOGI CARD TRICK.

Four cards are held in the form of a fan and a spectator is requested to mentally select one of the four. The cards are now shuffled and one is openly taken away and placed in

his pocket. The performer remarks that he has taken the card mentally selected by the spectator. The three cards are now displayed and the selected card is found to be missing. Reaching in his pocket the performer removes and exhibits the chosen card. Price, 15c.

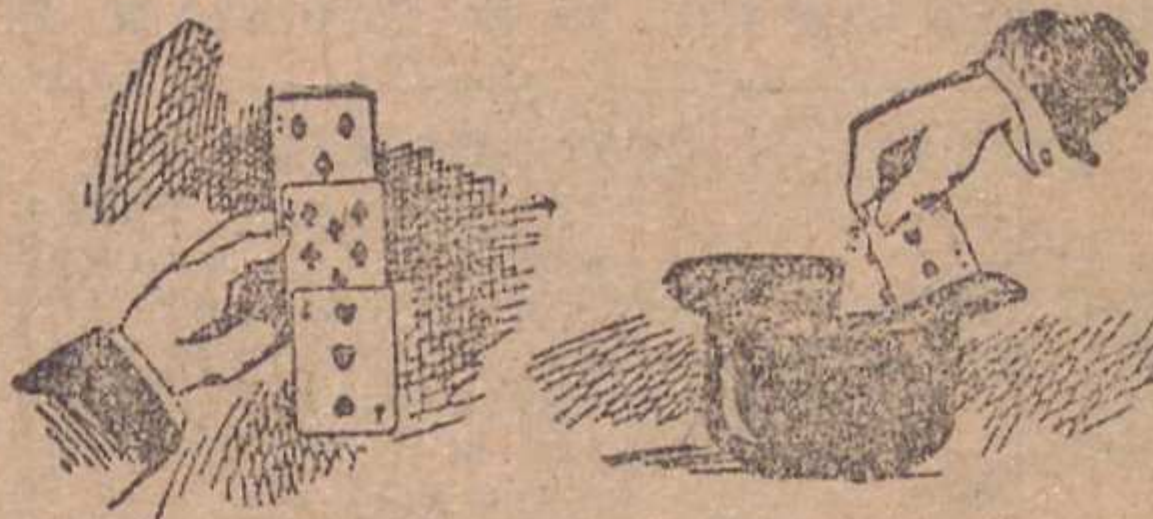
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#### JUMPING CARD



pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to deck jumps high into air at the performer's command. Pack is held in hand. Price of apparatus with enough cards to form the trick, 10c.

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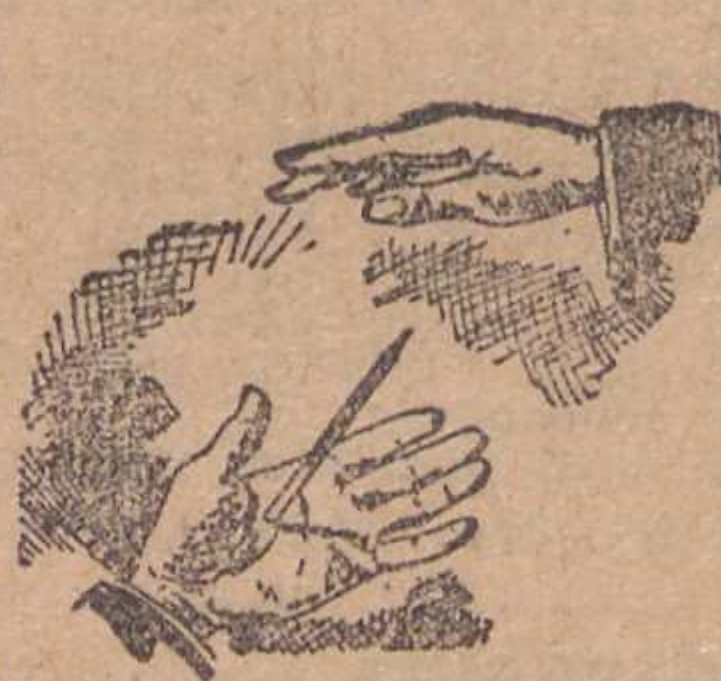
**THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.**—From the cards held in the hand anyone is asked mentally select one. All three cards placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card mysteriously vanished. A great climax, highly recommended. Price, 10c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



**APPEARING BILLIARD BALL.**—A so-called billiard ball, beautifully made, can be made to appear in the bare hands with the sleeves rolled back to elbows. Very fine and easy to do. Price, 30c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



#### RISEING PENCIL

—The performer exhibits an ordinary pencil and shows top and bottom. The pencil is laid on the palm, the performer calling attention to his hypnotic power over innate object. The pencil is seen slowly to rise, following the movements of the other

hand. The witnesses are asked to pass the hand around it to assure themselves thread or hair is used. Price, 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



**"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.**—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. Then done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded and any person, and in it is found the identical card. Price, 10c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



**THE MULTIPLYING CORKS.**—A small round box is shown to be empty and one of the spectators is allowed to place three corks in it. The cover is put on and the box handed to one of the spectators, who, upon removing the cover, finds six corks in the box. Three of the corks are now made to vanish mysteriously as they came. Very deceptive. Price, 15c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



# **FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY**

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- 339 Andy, the Auctioneer; or, Bidding in a Fortune.  
 340 Doubling Their Dollars; or, Schoolmates in Wall Street.  
 341 Dick Darling's Money; or, The Rise of an Office Boy.  
 342 Beating the Market; or, A Boy Broker's Deal. (A Wall Street story.)  
 343 Lost in the Jungle; or, The Secret of the Hindoo Temple.  
 344 Bound to Get the Cash; or, Out For a Million in Wall Street.  
 345 A lucky Errand Boy; or, Working His Way to Fortune.  
 346 Little Johnny Brown; or, How a Smart Boy Made Money. (A Wall Street story.)  
 347 Finding a Fortune; or, The Mystery of the Old Bell Tower.  
 348 In the Stock Market; or, The Lucky Ventures of a Wall Street Messenger.  
 349 Three Copper Cents; and How They Made a Waif's Fortune.  
 350 The Old Trader's Legacy; and What His Office Boy Did With It.  
 351 A Million in Diamonds; or, The Treasure of the Hidden Valley.  
 352 Sam, the Speculator; or, Playing the Wall Street Market.  
 353 A Born Showman; or, The Boy Who Ran a Circus.  
 354 After a Golden Stake; or, Breaking a "Bucket-Shop" Combine (A Wall Street story.)  
 355 Bound to be a Manager; or, Making Money in Baseball.  
 356 A Boy Broker's Dollars; or, The Mystery of a Money Vault. (A story of Wall Street.)  
 357 Tom, the Apprentice; or, The Young Mechanic Who Made His Mark.  
 358 A Banker at 17; or, The Wall Street Boy's Syndicate.  
 359 The Mystic Chart; or, The Treasure of the Big Caves.  
 360 Working the Money Market; or, The Deals of a Wall Street Boy.  
 361 The Boy Gold King; or, The Greatest Mine in the World.  
 362 A Young Broker's Money; or, Trapping the Sharps of Wall Street.  
 363 Dollars and Cents; or, From Cash Boy to Partner.  
 364 Jimmy, the Office Boy; or, A Plucky Wall Street Plunger.

- 365 Always on Time; or, The Perils of a Young Mail Contractor.  
 366 The Missing Bonds; or, A Lucky Boy in Wall Street.  
 367 Hunting for Treasure; or, The Pirate's Chest of Gold.  
 368 \$10,000 Reward; or, The Fortune of a Bank Clerk.  
 369 Bought at Auction; or, The Bid that Led to Riches.  
 370 The Young Copper King; or, The Boy Who Went the Limit.  
 371 Ralph, the Reporter, or The Mystery of Assignment No. 10.  
 372 A Lucky Risk; or, The Nerve of a Wall Street Office Boy.  
 373 The Race for Gold; or, After an Aztec Treasure.  
 374 Tipped to Win; or, The Wall Street Messenger Who Made a Fortune.  
 375 The Boy Salesman; or, Out on the Road for Success.  
 376 A Young Money Broker; or, Striking Luck in Wall Street.  
 377 The Way to Fame; or, The Success of a Young Dramatist.  
 378 In the Money Game; or, The Luck of Two Wall Street Chums.  
 379 A Golden Treasure; or, The Mystery of An Old Trunk.  
 380 Hal's Business Venture; or, Making a Success of Himself.  
 381 Among the Man-Eaters; or The Secret of the Golden Ledge.  
 382 The Little Wall Street Speculator; or, The Boy Who Became a Stock Broker.  
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